HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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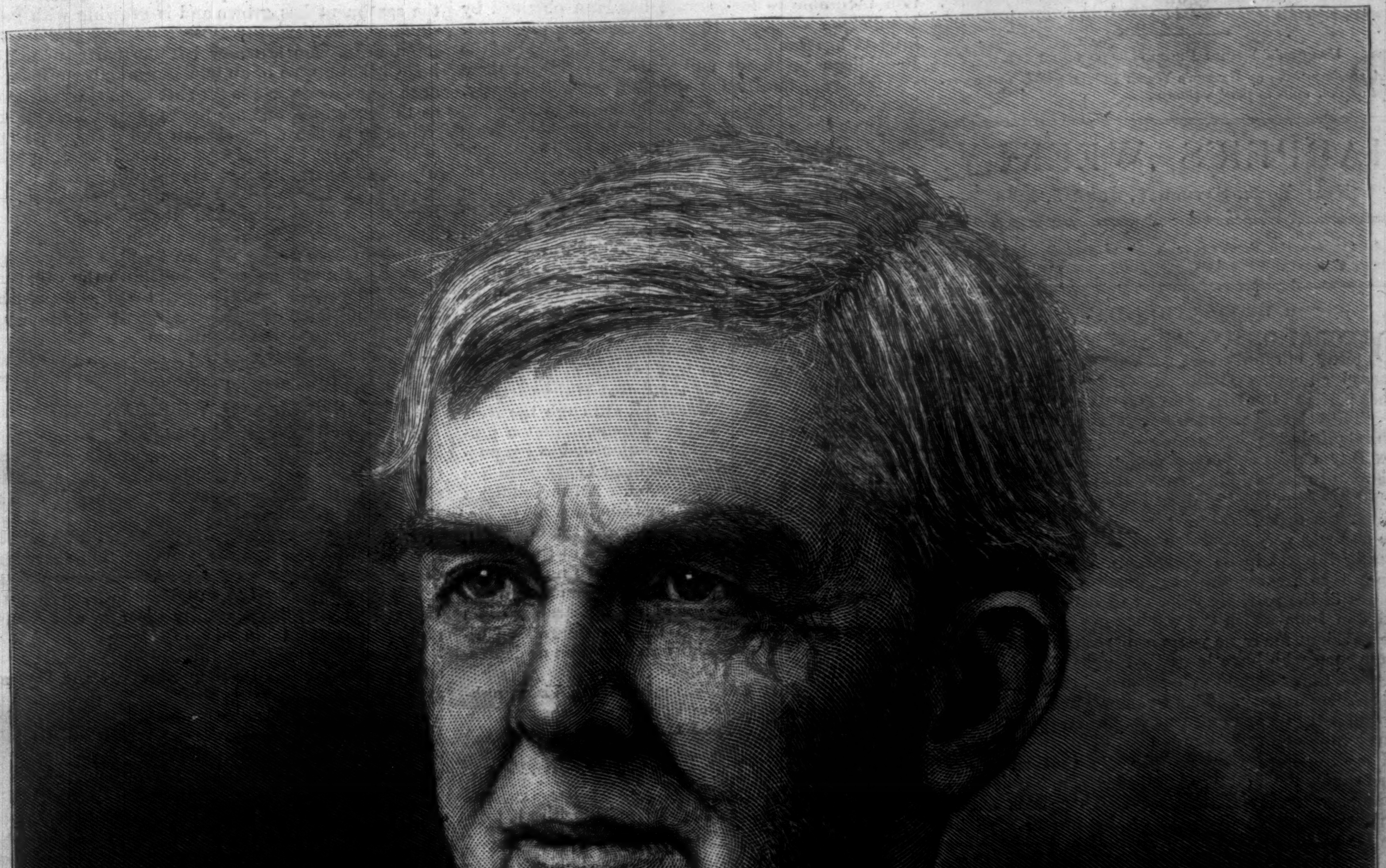

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN, BOSTON.

"Growing in years, it but grows in grace."—*Critic, New York.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The current number contains another of the series of excellent engravings of child portraits by FRANK FRENCH. *It is entitled "A Little Maid of Rome," and is accompanied by a poem by* MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Other illustrations are "The Home for Lost Dogs" (a double page); drawings accompanying two stories, and MISS COOPER'S *article on the Migrations of Fishes; "The Revolt of the Flowers," by* JESSIE SHEPHERD; *Comics by* W. L. SHEPPARD *and* CULMER BARNES.

SOME HINTS ON LAWN-TENNIS,

by HOWARD A. TAYLOR, *though written for young readers, will be found useful by those of their elders who have not yet attained proficiency in that popular game.*

The story "Three Runaway Girls" is by a well-known journalist, whose real name is hidden behind the pseudonym "Kelwyn Grove."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1886.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

DECORATION DAY.

DECORATION DAY this year had a peculiar interest, not only because time enough has now elapsed since the Democratic inauguration to see what perils to the Union are likely to result from the election of Mr. CLEVELAND, but because of the recent Confederate demonstration in honor of JEFFERSON DAVIS. To these two causes of special interest this year must be added that of the honors paid to the memory of the chief soldier of the war, who has now joined his departed comrades. The observance of the day was very general, and there is no sign of declining interest in its celebration. Its natural tendency is to become almost as much a day of remembrance of the patriotic valor of the soldiers as of the occasion from which the war sprang, and there has been evident for some years a disposition, natural to brave men who have honestly fought each other in the field, to recognize the heroism and the sincerity of the soldiers in gray. This was prefigured long since in Judge FINCH'S tender and familiar poem "The Blue and the Gray."

It is therefore very unfortunate that some ex-Confederates should have projected a monument to commemorate the Confederacy. That it is not a project acceptable to many of the former men in gray, and is indeed heartily rejected and repudiated by them, is plain from the extract from an ex-Confederate paper in Alabama that we published the other day, and which we received from an ex-Confederate soldier who cordially approved its views. No sensible man expects those who supported the Confederacy in pursuance of their life-long convictions, and the cherished tradition of their States in regard to the nature of our constitutional national Union, to agree that the Southern theory of the government was utterly false and hateful merely because it could not be successfully maintained by arms. But that is very different from the position that the dissolution of the Confederacy was a lamentable catastrophe to the Southern States. A monument to the valor of Southern soldiers would be a simple tribute to unquestioned heroism. But a monument to the Confederacy merely recalls a government whose corner-stone, as one of its chief builders declared, was human slavery, and that certainly is not something worthy of proud commemoration. If it were supposed that any such scheme commanded general sympathy and support in the Southern States, the distrust on the part of the rest of the Union would be universal and justifiable. It would of itself conclude all serious political controversy in the other States in a determination that the government in no event should be controlled by those who sincerely and strongly regretted that it had not been overthrown.

Happily there is no evidence whatever of any general countenance of the project, or of the existence of any such feeling except among a small class which may be called the Jacobites. The sentiment expressed by the Alabama journal and by our correspondents in Florida and Tennessee is doubtless that of the great multitude both of ex-Confederate soldiers and citizens. This shows that the situation foretold in the earliest observances of Decoration Day has been now reached. The strain of the best speeches at the first Decoration Day celebrations was one of confidence that the result of the war would be seen at last to be a common blessing, and that the triumph of the Union was not a sectional victory, but a happy consummation for all Americans. That is what this Decoration Day has seen, and nothing shows it more clearly than that a conspicuous ex-Confederate general, about to appeal to the voters of his State as a candidate for office, said, on taking part in the tributes to JEFFERSON DAVIS, "We are glad that the war is ended, and that it ended as it did."

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

THERE are a great many people in the country who think that prohibition should be made a national issue at the polls. There are many more who hold that the greatest practicable limitation of dram-selling, by a high tax, or local option, or a high license, is indispensable to the public welfare. These altogether are a very large and intelligent and conscientious body of voters. They have been generally friendly to the Republican party. They have seen that the legislation favorable to temperance has been obtained by Republican votes, but they see also that the liquor interest has gradually acquired a strong hold of the Republican primaries and caucuses. While these voters have generally, but more and more reluctantly, been content to be put off by Republican excuses and delays on the ground that nothing is to be hoped from Democrats, they are coming to doubt the Republican party, as the antislavery men doubted the Whig party, and very many temperance men who have been always "regular Republicans" are resolved not to march to the polls any longer with what they call "the rummies," nor to vote for candidates whom the rummies nominate. HORACE GREELEY, who founded the *Tribune*, used to describe the grog-shops, now called saloons, as the nurseries of Democracy. But when Mr. BURCHARD alliteratively declared rum, Romanism, and rebellion to be the great adversaries of the Republican party, he was reviled and ridiculed and cursed as compassing the defeat of the party by outraging its friends. Moreover, although the New York Republican Convention demanded that a prohibitory amendment should be submitted to the popular vote, the New York Republican Legislature has refused to authorize its submission. All this shows a singular change in the situation from the time of Mr. GREELEY, who was himself an ardent temperance man. Does the change show progress in the party? Does any old-fashioned Republican who holds, as we hold, that the strength of Republicanism lay in the intelligence and patriotism and moral character of its membership, think that the fierce objurgations directed at Mr. BURCHARD show an elevation or depression of the tone of the party?

The organ of the Prohibitionists is the *Voice*, published in New York. The *Voice* republishes the notorious telegram of Mr. SHERIDAN SHOOK to the *Tribune*:

"ALBANY, *May* 12.

"*To the 'Tribune,' New York city:*

"The excise bill will probably pass the Assembly to-morrow morning. Three Commissioners will be appointed under it, one a Republican, and not a GRACE Republican. The bill will materially help the Republican party, *giving Republican saloon-keepers in the city the protection to which they are entitled*, and will prevent the use of the Department against *us* politically.

"SHERIDAN SHOOK."

The object of the bill was to baffle the purpose of the city reform bills of two years ago by taking the appointment of Excise Commissioners from the Mayor in order to conciliate the liquor interest—an object which the Republican *Tribune* favored by suggesting other appointing officers, while its confederates were arranging to give the appointment to the President of the Board of Aldermen, which they succeeded in doing. The *Voice* of prohibition sentiments does not fail to observe all this, and asking what the telegram of Mr. SHOOK to the *Tribune* means, it answers:

"That means that the Republican party is rooting deeper and deeper in the mire to get the slum vote of New York city. It means a contest between the two great (we mean big) parties of the nation, not to espouse a cause, not to vindicate a principle, not to serve the country, but to truckle lower and lower and lower to the gutter-snipes and rounders and heelers—the swash of civilization."

Is this an untrue statement of recent acts and tendencies in the party? There are thousands and thousands of Republicans everywhere in the country who have seen what the *Voice* has seen and strongly describes. They have read in the *Tribune* on the day after the passage of the excise bill that JOHN J. O'BRIEN, ROBERT G. MCCORD, SHERIDAN SHOOK, JOHN JACOBUS, "were among the prominent Republicans" who listened to the debate in the Senate. They knew that it was to please such prominent Republicans that the bill was passed. One of its objects was to attach them to the present Republican machine in the State, and Republicans may well ask themselves whether all this is an illustration of the way in which the Republican party hopes to renew its power and restore its ascendency.

The temperance men, as we understand them, do not ask the Republican party to become a Prohibition party. They ask that the party shall abandon the effort, of which the New York excise bill is an illustration, to compete with the Democratic party for the support of the liquor interest. They ask that the moral weight of the party be thrown against dram-selling, and all that springs from it. They ask that honest and intelligent Republicans who see that the saloons furnish the audiences for anarchist orators, and anarchist rioters to destroy lawful order, and are the steady reserve and support of crime and oppressive taxation, shall insist that the declared policy of the party shall be such as will exclude the liquor influence from the party councils. They hold that the withdrawal of the liquor vote will be less injurious to the party than the attempt to conciliate and retain it, and they do not hesitate to say that if the plan of the present Republican machine in New York is to conciliate both the liquor interest and the city managers of the old Stalwart machine in order to promote the nomination and election of Mr. BLAINE, the temperance vote by thousands will be lost to the Republican party. If they are told that the temperance bark is always worse than the temperance bite, and that most of the temperance voters will fall into line as usual, their reply is that the expectation is natural, but that the sentiment has grown and is growing with great rapidity, and that NEAL DOW, a life-long and devoted Republican, who has now left the party upon this issue, is but a type of an immense number of temperance Republicans whose eyes are opened by such acts as the excise bill and such messages as Mr. SHOOK'S. When so stanch a Republican and temperance man as the Rev. Dr. CUYLER says that he is waiting to see whether the party has been taught by adversity; when Republican Rhode Island votes for prohibition, and Democratic rural districts in Kentucky and Southern Democratic States do the same; when Republican committees in New Jersey declare that the party should show itself unconditionally hostile to the organized liquor interest—is it not evident that the Republican machine in New York misconceives the situation, and that the return of the Republican party to the confidence of the country does not lie through the saloon?

THE IRISH BILL AND AMERICAN SECESSION.

SOME very intelligent Englishmen, who are familiar with this country and with our war for the Union, express amazement that Americans who opposed the secession of the Southern States should think an Irish Parliament desirable for England. But the cases are so wholly and essentially different that it is difficult to understand how sensible men should find any kind of resemblance between them. The Southern States of the Union proposed to withdraw entirely from the Union, and establish a wholly separate and foreign government, and to do this in defiance of the authority of the government of the United States. It was as if Cumberland and Northumberland and Durham and Lancaster and Yorkshire were to insist upon establishing a foreign government in England despite Parliament and the crown. Is there any resemblance in these situations? Can the utmost ingenuity torture them into any likeness? The government of Great Britain, by its constitutional agents, the Ministry, and by the will of Parliament, proposes to give a separate legislature to Ireland, with no sovereign powers of government whatever, and for the purpose of strengthening the Union and the existing Imperial supremacy. The man who says that this is a proposition like that of secession in the United States plays with words.

The reply of such a man is that an Irish legislature is substantial separation, and that the most earnest advocates of it, from Mr. PARNELL to the worst dynamiter, openly profess and desire independence. They add that the legislature is but the first step, and that when that is once organized it will proceed to assert a practical independence of the empire and complete the imperial disruption. But this is a charge of entire want of honesty and good faith against the chief Irish leaders, and either of total want of sagacity or of honor and loyalty against the English statesmen who support the measure. Is JOHN MORLEY less acquainted with the situation or less likely to measure the possible consequences of the movement than Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL? Is Mr. GLADSTONE less sincere and devoted an Englishman or a less sagacious statesman than Lord SALISBURY? Is Lord SPENCER a less trusty counsellor for England than Lord HARTINGTON? And was there ever a great and radical measure like the Irish bill proposed that there was not the same outcry of betrayal and disaster? Lord SHELBURNE said that the acknowledgment of American independence was the setting of the sun of Britain, Lord ST. VINCENT said that West Indian emancipation was the fall of the British constitution, and the reformation of the penal laws was decried as a blow at British glory. If PARNELL and DAVITT and JUSTIN MCCARTHY do not speak for Ireland, who does? And if the word of such representatives is not to be taken, and the English Ministry and the Liberal party are to be regarded as mere dupes of clever knaves, then the only sensible policy for England is that which is hinted by Lord SALISBURY, a government of repression in Ireland.

To assume that the proposition to establish a local legislature of limited powers in Ireland is like the plan of the Confederate States to dissolve the Union and establish a new and independent government is to show how bewildered and frenzied the discussion has become. It is true that a colonial or provincial legislature, such as the bill proposes, if its constituents were not represented in the Imperial Parliament, might declare its independence and resist the Imperial

authority. Then indeed the situation would begin to resemble that of 1861 in the United States. But there is no valid reason to anticipate such action, for the result of it would be a foregone conclusion. It would be the total subjugation and practical absorption of the island. The possibility of such an attempt, under all the circumstances, cannot be urged as an argument against a policy of conciliation and concession, which, as history shows, is in the actual situation of Ireland the wisest and most truly conservative policy. No great measure of state policy can be adopted without risk. The extension of the suffrage under the Reform Bill and the repeal of the Corn Laws were viewed with the sincerest alarm. The precise consequences were of course incalculable. But they were measures based upon great principles of public action, approved by reason and experience, and no sensible Englishman now regrets them. It is upon such principles that the Irish policy of Mr. GLADSTONE seems to most Americans to rest. The details of method may be wisely amended. But the essential substance of the proposition certainly appears to American observers to be sound and wise, and when it is alleged to be identical with the proposition of JEFFERSON DAVIS in this country, it is time that the absolute difference between them should be pointed out.

PENSIONS AND POLITICS.

THE BLAIR pension bill gives Senator BLAIR another title to the name of the most reckless squanderer of the public money. The bill pensions every soldier who served in the army for three months, and who is now disabled and dependent upon his own labor for support, as well as the dependent parents of soldiers who died in the service from disability contracted in the service. The three months' soldier may have emerged from the service perfectly well, and have been disabled since the war by causes in no way connected with military service. But the fact that his name was borne on the rolls of the army for three months, and that he is now unable to earn his living, is to secure him a pension. Having received a bounty for entering the service, he is now to receive a bounty for having entered it. Senator TELLER said, frankly, "This is a bounty which we propose to give to show our appreciation of their patriotic service." Nobody could say how much money the bill would probably take from the Treasury. Mr. BLAIR seemed to be entirely indifferent to that subject. His theory, he said, was that "these men, to be provided for by somebody, should be provided for by sixty million people, instead of by their comparatively few associates in the communities in which they live."

Congress undoubtedly has the power to give a pension of a hundred dollars a month to everybody who served for a month in the army. Indeed, a proposition to pension everybody who served for a certain time has been already made, although not at the rate we mention. But should Congress undertake to pass such a bill as we suppose, there would be such an uproar in the country that it would promptly recede. Would the uproar mean that the American people are ungrateful, and coldly neglect those citizens who imperiled their lives for the Union? Let the existing pension rolls and appropriations and the consciousness of every honorable veteran answer. What, then, would it mean? It would mean only that there is a reasonable limit to the taxation which ought to be laid upon the industry of the country, for it is industry and the working-man who pays the taxes, and that that reasonable limit has been reached. More than sixty-five millions of dollars were paid for pensions during the last year, and since the establishment of the government nearly $900,000,000 have been paid in pensions. That amount is not a monument of national ingratitude or neglect of the soldiers. At present those who were disabled in the service are properly pensioned, and the families of those who were killed. The laws give veterans also a preference in appointments in the civil service. The fact of service in the Union army gives also a preference in private employment. This is certainly a reasonable limit of consideration. To go farther is to enter upon a boundless expenditure. If a soldier who served for three months, and received his bounty, and was discharged perfectly sound and well, should be supported by the Treasury because he is now, and perhaps through evil courses, disabled and unable to support himself, and the reason is national gratitude, it may be argued as forcibly that if he is to be supported, he should be supported comfortably, and that a niggardly stipend is unworthy a grateful nation of sixty millions of people.

The truth is, as the soldiers undoubtedly know, that all this increase and extension of pension beyond a fair and reasonable sum is less gratitude than politics. There is a great deal of political posing as the soldiers' friend, and the military organizations are the skeletons of very powerful and extensive political forces. It is to be hoped that the House will arrest the BLAIR pension bill, and that it will insist that the tax-payers shall know what sum it proposes to add to the taxes. The President's veto remains if the House should fail. The bill opens the way to laying intolerable burdens upon the country under the plea of national gratitude. The next step would inevitably follow, and a general pension bill would be urged upon the same grounds as the BLAIR bill. Those who oppose such enormous taxation need not be troubled by the taunt that they are no friends of the soldier. They can point to the actual yearly expenditure, and to the fact that the pension laws cover all cases for which just pensions should be paid. Those who oppose subsidies are reproached with indifference or hostility to certain American interests. It is impossible to oppose any kind of raid upon the Treasury without a charge of hostility to the beneficiary. But that is not a very important consideration. The duty of Congress is to see that no wild raids are made upon the Treasury, and the duty of the press is to expose them plainly to public attention.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE American figure of the hour in London is OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, and no distinguished author could more happily justify his reputation by his social tact and charm. Dr. HOLMES is so bright and ready, his conversation is so sparkling, his memory so serviceable, and his sympathy so sensitive, that he is sure to "spread his conquests farther," and the Autocrat will show himself to be the worthy compeer of IRVING, EVERETT, BANCROFT, PRESCOTT, HAWTHORNE, MOTLEY, EMERSON, LONGFELLOW, and LOWELL, who have been his predecessors in England as representative Americans.

HOLMES'S characteristics as an author are of a kind which is most agreeable to the English mind. There is a clear daylight, a freedom from mental or spiritual obscurity, such as made MACAULAY'S writings so popular, in all HOLMES'S verse and prose. His wit is so crisp, his humor so human, his sentiment so obvious and tender, that it hits the mark at once, and with a keen sense of delight on the part of the observer. His "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was the most popular serial work among all intelligent and cultivated readers that was ever published in this country, and his "Metrical Essay" was the most noted occasional poem at a college anniversary. They are both singularly illustrative of his graceful and versatile literary ability and character, and the "Autocrat" will certainly be one of the enduring works in American literature, with the "Last Leaf" and some of the other lyrics.

The Autocrat himself is seventy-six years old. But time has touched him very lightly. He has still the boy-like aspect of the portrait which is printed upon another page, and he doubtless enjoys with all a boy's freshness of feeling the social homage which is paid to him this year in London, and which his countrymen know to be well deserved by the kindly writer who has touched so nearly the heart of the English-speaking world.

JOURNALISM.

WE have seen only very imperfect reports of the recent lectures of Mr. CHARLES E. FITCH, at Cornell University, upon journalism. But what we have seen seem to show that they comprise the most thorough and scientific treatment that the subject has yet received. It is a question of great interest, because the great journals in this country are becoming more and more powerful. As they cease to depend upon party or official favor, and their proprietors and editors seek to gratify no personal ambition, it is obvious that there is no stronger public influence in the community.

Mr. FITCH is an experienced and accomplished journalist, with a high ideal of the character and importance of journalism, and his suggestions must have been peculiarly valuable in a college community, because young men in this country, as they graduate, turn more and more to journalism as an occupation. It is called a profession, but hardly legitimately. There is no special and technical knowledge which must be mastered. A great journal is largely a business enterprise, and its editorial conduct demands a certain general intelligence and sagacity and literary ability, with a slight technical training, which is soon attained.

A distinctive "newspaper man," like the late SAMUEL BOWLES, or GREELEY, or RAYMOND, or BENNETT, is born, not made. He is composed of invincible industry, constant enterprise and shrewdness, dominant common-sense, an intuitive perception of the average public taste and interest, and an unshrinking deference to it and gratification of it, and a quick apprehension of the moods and drift of public opinion. But the typical "newspaper man" is not necessarily the man who has the highest conception of the function of a journal, or who gives to a paper the highest influence. The phrase describes the ability to make a newspaper pecuniarily successful rather than that which gives it weight and leadership. We should think that the lectures of Mr. FITCH would make an exceedingly interesting book for the newspaper fraternity, and for all to whom the making of a newspaper is a fascinating mystery.

SHAKESPEARIAN LITERATURE.

THERE have been three recent additions to Shakespearian literature in this country which are well worthy of attention. Mr. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS has issued another volume of his *Magnum Opus*, the *Variorum* Shakespeare—a work of astonishing labor, and a great honor to American scholarship. It will be, when completed, the most elaborate, complete, and thorough Shakespeare, presenting all readings and explanations which are of any importance. It is certainly a work "which no gentleman's library should be without."

Mrs. CAROLINE HEALEY DALL'S *What we really know about Shakespeare* is what the author is pleased to call a manufactured hand-book, but it is really a very clear and convenient summary of our information about the man and poet. Mrs. DALL does not think that a careful collation of all the facts justifies Mr. GRANT WHITE'S rather deprecatory picture of SHAKESPEARE'S personality, and her neatly printed book is one of interest and value to the student of the facts.

Hamlet's Note-Book, a very handsome thin volume, by WILLIAM D. O'CONNOR, is a remarkable contribution to the anti-Shakespearian view. Mr. O'CONNOR holds that we really know little of the man and poet SHAKESPEARE, because there is really little to know except that he was an actor whose name served the purposes of Lord BACON. In other words, the volume is a very ingenious and brilliant contribution to the Baconian view of SHAKESPEARE. It was designed as a reply to RICHARD GRANT WHITE'S article upon the *Promus* of BACON, in which he paid his respects to the Baconians with a rapier. The reply had been accepted by a leading magazine, but pending its publication Mr. WHITE died, and Mr. O'CONNOR withdrew his article. But as the posthumous volume of Mr. WHITE'S essays contains his strictures upon the *Promus*, Mr. O'CONNOR has naturally printed his reply. He is admirably equipped to cope even with so doughty a knight as Mr. WHITE, and the little volume into which his article is expanded will serve as an admirable introduction to the controversy which began long ago in *Putnam's Monthly*, when Miss DELIA BACON raised the question whether SHAKESPEARE wrote Shakespeare.

PERSONAL.

AN athletic clergyman speaks of the late Rev. Dr. E. N. KIRK, the Congregationalist divine, as, almost to the last weeks of his life, an enthusiastic boxer, who believed that the use of the gloves was a better exercise even than fencing. His habit was to give his strength freely to the sport; and on one occasion his friend saw him laughing with the blood streaming down his face.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury presided at a meeting of the bishops of the Church of England when the Dean of Lincoln presented a petition setting forth that excess in mourning attire, funeral paraphernalia, and floral decorations was no real indication of affection or respect, and urging that burials should be conducted in the simplest possible form, in speedily perishable coffins, in earth sufficient and suitable for the resolution of the body into its ultimate elements, "with only such accessories as are in accordance with the Christian principles of faith, hope, and love."

—The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland announces that though he and his wife, Lady ABERDEEN, went to the Green Isle by no means in a state of mind the reverse of hopeful, they never could have expected to receive such constant and increasing marks of kindness as have been shown them.

—"He brought to the administration of justice," said one judge of another, who had just died, "a life experience, great learning, and a clear sense of doing justice toward his fellow-men."

—RUBINSTEIN, though in delicate health, gave three charity concerts during his recent visit to Paris, and distributed $2000 in cash to various benevolent associations and needy sufferers. He was so impressed by M. PASTEUR'S success that he sent him a check for $400.

—Mr. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER protests, in the preface to his autobiography, that he is a modest man; that praise, if consciously undeserved, only depresses him; that one of his universally recognized defects is a dislike to any assumption of dignity; and that if he is not true, simple, and sincere, he is worse than he hopes he is.

—Speaking in the Rev. C. A. BARTOL'S pulpit in the old West Church, Boston, FREDERICK DOUGLASS expressed his joy that the time had come when he who represented the negro, the Indian, and the Caucasian could shake hands in fellowship with every inhabitant of the land.

—While opening the annual art exhibition in Berlin, the Emperor WILLIAM recalled the fact that FREDERICK the Great was the father of German art exhibitions, and that although many changes had occurred since his day, it was men from the north—WINKELMANN, THORWALDSEN, CARSTENS, and SCHINKEL—who proclaimed to Europe a message from Greece.

—Miss KATE STONEMAN, the first woman ever admitted to practice in the courts of New York State, is the sister of Judge STONEMAN, of the Supreme Court of Illinois, and of Governor STONEMAN, of California, and the sister-in-law of ex-Senator WILLIAMS, of Buffalo. She is only thirty-three, and has had a long public career as an advocate of woman suffrage. Her presence is prepossessing, and her social gifts are rare. She has been studying for three years in a lawyer's office.

—The two hundred and thirty-second anniversary of an organization known as the Sons of the Clergy was held a few days ago in London, and after a full choral service, in which three hundred voices participated, the Very Rev. JOHN GOTT, D.D., preached an eloquent sermon from the text, "Woman, why weepest thou?"

—In view of the large number of criminal cases in which lawyers plead for their clients alcoholic dementia, the French government has instructed all the prefects in France to report on the effects of drunkenness in inciting to crime; and the French War Minister has instituted an inquiry into the action of liquor in reducing the height of young men, and debilitating them so as to render them unfit for military service.

—A school for the education of boys in the evangelical faith of the Church of England was recently opened at Cheltenham, England, in memory of the late Dean CLOSE, of Carlisle.

—The late historian VON RANKE was an admirer and warm personal friend of GEORGE BANCROFT, and used to speak of him to Americans as "your great countryman." At ninety years of age he worked uninterruptedly from 10 A.M. till 3 P.M., and from 10 P.M. till 2 A.M., daily, and walked two hours. He never smoked, and was never troubled with sleeplessness.

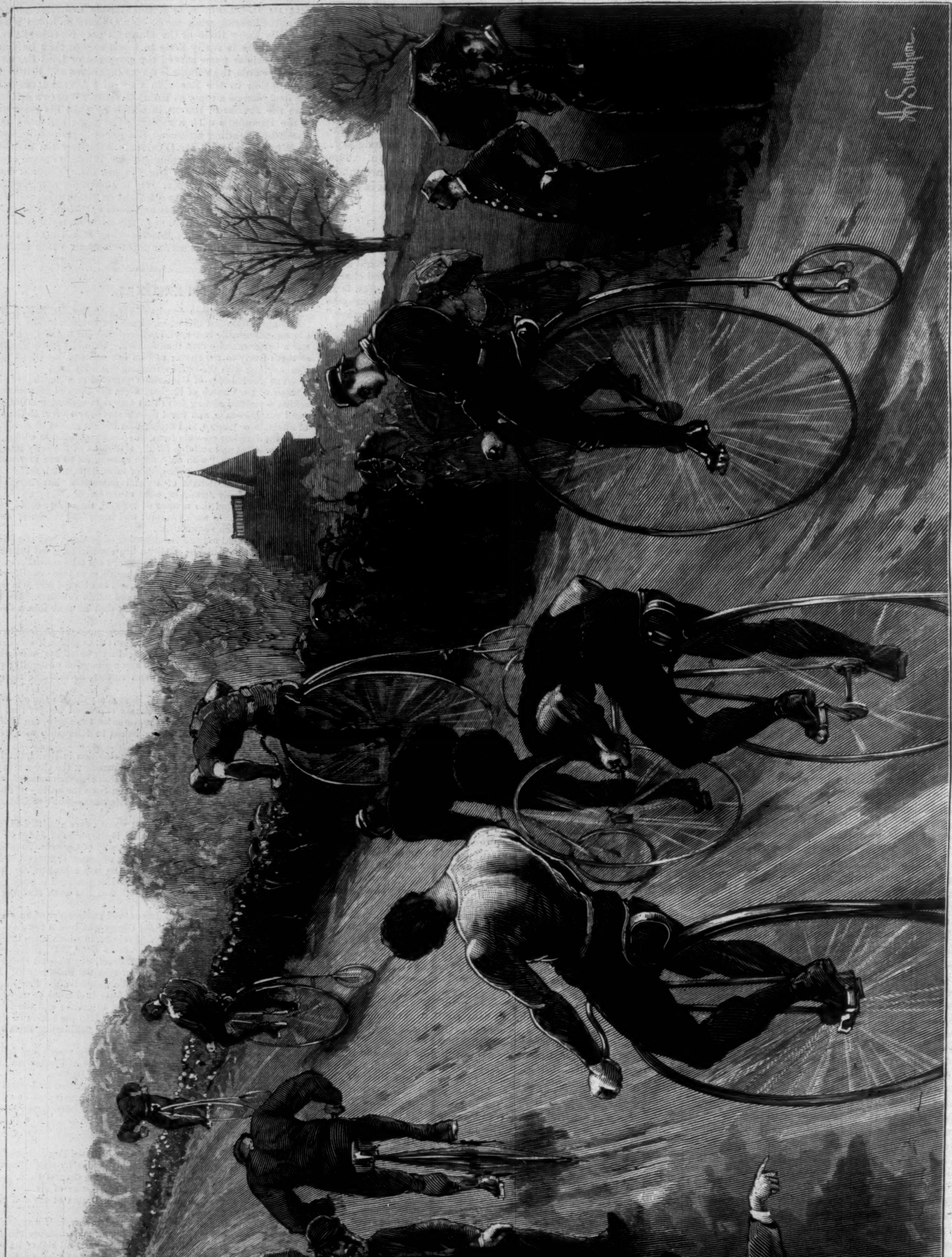
—The Gaelic Society of New York celebrated TOM MOORE'S birthday by listening to an address on his genius, by singing some of his songs, and by decorating his bust in the Central Park.

—Mr. EDMUND GOSSE is to deliver a course of six lectures at Cambridge University on the "English Drama at the end of the Seventeenth Century."

—ELLIOTT, the portrait painter, used to say, half waggishly, of his brother artist the late JEROME THOMPSON, whenever the latter was criticised in his hearing, "Oh, JEROME is all right; he paints for the people." Mr. THOMPSON very seldom sent his works to the public exhibitions, but not long ago he had accumulated about $50,000 from their sale.

—"I may commit many follies in my life," wrote Lord BEACONSFIELD, when a young man, "but I never intend to marry for 'love,' which I am sure is a guarantee of infelicity."

—Mr. WILLIAM H. BEARD, having been asked by the executive committee of the Inter-State Exhibition which will be opened next September in Chicago, to select one hundred representative oil-paintings from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, has been giving his personal attention to the matter with such success that more than half as many more pictures are now awaiting shipment, many of them novel in motive and brilliant in technique. He will propose that next year the committee reserve four large galleries, one for our Academic art, another for our water-colors, a third for etchings, and a fourth for the work of the young progressives of the Society of American Artists.



ANNUAL MEET OF THE WHEELMEN AT BOSTON—CLIMBING COREY HILL.—Drawn by Henry Sandham.—[See Page 363.]

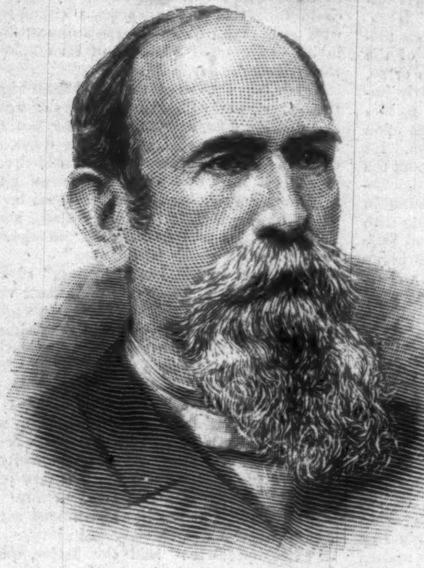
LEOPOLD VON RANKE.—[See Page 362.]

DECORATION DAY.

Flowers for the feet of Peace,
  Sweet rose and lily white,
As she retreads the road,
  The blood-red road of fight;
The waving corn and wheat
  For the long hot lanes of war;
For bastions fringed with flame,
  The light of Freedom's star.

Flowers for the resting brave!
  So every grave shall be
An altar fresh and green
  Sacred to Liberty,
An altar green and sweet
  For the true heart beneath—
For each the rose of love,
  For each the laurel wreath.

Peace, peace, and sweetest fame
  O'er all the land to-day!
No anger and no blame
  Between the Blue and Gray.
To you, heroic dead,
  Resting in dreamless calm,
We bring the rose of love,
  The victor's stainless palm.

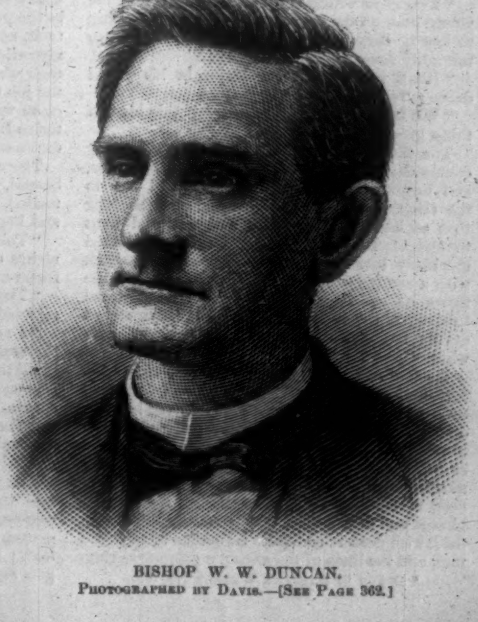


BISHOP JOSEPH J. KEY.
Photographed by Davis, Richmond, Virginia.—[See Page 362.]

DECORATION DAY—THE VETERAN'S RIGHT ARM.—Drawn by H. A. Ogden.

BISHOP E. R. HENDRIX.
Photographed by Davis.—[See Page 362.]

BISHOP C. B. GALLOWAY.
Photographed by Davis.—[See Page 362.]



BISHOP W. W. DUNCAN.
Photographed by Davis.—[See Page 362.]

CYNIC FORTUNE:*

A TALE OF A MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "First Person Singular," "Rainbow Gold," "A Model Father," etc.

VI.

"Let's have a look at it," said the Major. "I'm not much of a dab at letters myself; but two heads are better than one, and we may find out what's the matter with it. What's it all about, to begin with?"

"Oh," said the Major's companion, with a half-disdainful, half-apologetic growl, "it's a yarn."

"Chuck it over," said the Major. "Let's have a look at it."

His companion hurled a bulky package of manuscript at him. The Major caught it dexterously, opened it without comment, as if this violent way of handling things were commonplace in his experience, and began to read aloud:

"'The Strand is the rendezvous of the unsuccessful of all grades in London—the intellectual and social Rag-fair of the metropolis. Its stony flags are beaten daily by many thousands of hopeless feet; it is the saddest, the gayest, the richest, the poorest, of London thoroughfares; the avenue of fame to the happy few; the vestibule of the great temple of forgetfulness to many more. Of what hopes and despairs, what triumphs and failures, unknown ambitions, wild aspirings, vain regrets, its stones are eloquent to those who tread them! Here, with head erect and smiling eyes, walks Success, the envy and admiration of the crowd whose name is Failure. He emerged from their ranks only the other day, and may fall into their company again to-morrow. The test of Opportunity touched him, in this crowded street, and found him of the pure metal, or, at least, so well plated that he needs the searching acid of Success to prove him pinchbeck. The unsuccessful mark him as he goes; and to some his fame is a cordial, and to others a poison.'"

The Major read with an action so tragic, and an interpretation so gratuitously vile, that the author hissed him, and laying violent hands upon him, dragged him and the manuscript apart.

"It's bad enough, Heaven knows," said he; "but it's not a thousandth part as bad as you make it."

"I don't know," said the Major, assuming a critical air; "it seems to be the very kind of 'tommy rot' one sees in print, as a general rule. I think you do it very like the rest of 'em, Dick; and upon my word, it seems to me to be a great injustice that you shouldn't be printed."

The Major, in aspect, mingled the cherubic and the military. He was a man of tenderly rounded outline, like an unusually well-grown baby. The upper part of his bald forehead was milky white. Below, beginning at the line clearly defined by the fit of his forage-cap, his skin was of a rich brown. His nose wore a warmer tint, and his expression was benevolently militant. But for his mustache, which was of uncommon proportions, and his eye-glass, he would have looked altogether mild and unassuming. His manner was languid, and he spoke with a drawl which had been fashionable in his youth, but was a little out of date in these days. He was wonderfully shabby, and obviously a gentleman.

His companion was a young fellow of some five-and-twenty, with a face of honesty, candor, pluck, and good-temper. He was, if anything, a trifle shabbier than the Major, and just as obviously a gentleman.

The room they occupied was at the top of a house in Great Russell Street. The uncurtained windows were grimy with years of fog and rain and London smoke, and there was no piece of furniture in the room which had not been to the wars and come home wounded. It was nipping weather, in early spring, but the grate was fireless.

"Major," said the younger man, throwing himself upon a sofa, and folding his arms behind his head, "I'm deuced hungry."

Then for a while there was silence. The room grew darker and darker.

"Two days without grub or baccy!" said the young man on the couch. "How long is it going to last? How long will it take to finish off two tolerably strong and healthy men?"

"Don't know," said the Major, in his placid drawl; "can't guess."

"We shall know," said Dick, "if this kind of thing goes on much longer."

The Major said nothing. Perhaps his young companion's attempt to be gay and courageous, and bright, and high-spirited depressed him in the circumstances. The silence lasted so long that at last Dick fulfilled his threat, and went to sleep. The Major, rising on tiptoe, walked stealthily into the next room, and came back with a counterpane, which he wrapped about the figure of his friend. The gas lamps glittered brightly in the street below, and the Major stared at them somewhat vacantly through the dirty window-pane.

He had met this grim spectre of Poverty before, and knew him, and despised him. He had been poor in many places. He had lived in Paris on a daily ration of radishes and petits-pains; in Berlin on his butter-brod and glass of lager; and in other cities, where upon occasion even these modest cates were not forth-coming—as here, and now, in London. He had munched his granitic biscuit and drunk his muddy water on the battle-field, with dead friends and comrades lying round him, and the lines of the enemy's camp-fires ringing the bases of the frozen hills. He had had his days of prosperity too. He had started life at seventeen with a commission in a cavalry regiment, and a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, the skirts of which had vanished from human knowledge before he had attained his majority. He had exchanged for active service abroad, and lived contentedly on his pay, winning golden opinions from his men, until the death of a relative had put him in possession of a second fortune, which had gone like its predecessor, its last shilling spent as gayly as the first.

His whole life had been spent alternately in Sparta and in Capua; and he took the rough and the smooth with an unfailing tranquil philosophy which no reverse of fortune could long ruffle or disturb. He was a man of many and varied accomplishments; but, unfortunately, these were not of a marketable sort. He was the equal of any man in England at ordering a dinner, composing a salad, or brewing a bowl of punch. In his wanderings about London he talked with the tarbooshed Turk or turbaned Hindoo, and even surprised the almond-eyed wanderer from far Cathay with discourse in the wooden clack of his own tongue. His favorite promenade was Soho, and he was beloved of the French blanchisseuses because of the sweetness and purity of his argot.

His expectations from remaining relatives were large, but vague.

He was a loyal and lovable fellow, who had done much good to many people in his time, and harm to nobody, but he was one of those who can only sail straight when under orders, and the Major's craft was perpetually in danger of shipwreck because he carried no feminine captain aboard. A good wife would have been the making of him. But, unfortunately for himself, he was one of nature's bachelors. He was of a temperament so hopeful that the future was always bright, however grim the present might be, and it was characteristic of him that he pitied his companion, whilst his own condition seemed to him to have a touch of comedy, and even of farce, in it.

The room was altogether dark when, after a preliminary roll and tumble, Douglas woke, and becoming aware of his chum's presence by some unnamable sixth sense—for it was too dark to see by this time—demanded,

"That you, Major?"

"Yes."

"Been out?"

"No."

"This is getting serious," said the younger man. "What's to be done?"

"There's one expedient," said the Major, "which may be tried to-morrow. Up till now, when we have felt ourselves in want of exercise, we have taken our walks abroad together. That fact has appeared to necessitate the possession of two coats. For people in our position the ownership of two coats is an extravagance which ought to be cut down. We must part with one of them."

Douglas laughed in answer rather dolefully, and went stumbling about the dark room in search for his hat.

"Let's take our final promenade together now, Major," he said. "For my own part, I shall feel brighter in the streets than I do here."

"Step lightly as you go down-stairs," replied the Major. "Mrs. McEchran is inclined to be tempestuous."

They stole down-stairs in terror-stricken silence. The only living thing that had ever frightened the Major was a landlady in poor lodgings. They came into the gas-lit streets in safety, and strolled along, side by side, listlessly enough, for a while.

"I begin to repent," said Dick, more for the sake of saying something than because anything seemed very much worth saying—"I begin to repent the vote of that last twopence for tobacco. It's all gone; and a loaf would have done us much more good. It's a mysterious arrangement," he added, "that a man's appetite should go on increasing just the same whether he has anything to eat or not. Appetite ought to be proportioned to income."

"In which case we should have no appetite at all."

They had crossed the sullen adverse tides of traffic which roll down Oxford Street and Holborn, and had passed through High Street and along Endell Street, where the mean shops were nearly all closed, though here and there a yet unshuttered window checkered the wet pavement with a square patch of light. There was nobody in the purlieus of Covent Garden when they came to it, except an occasional policeman, and those mysterious purposeless loungers who seem to pass their whole existence at its corners in waiting for the job that never comes. The façade of the Lyceum was ablaze with light, and the lines of Waterloo Bridge stood out clear against the opposing darkness of the night in lines of flickering fire.

There was light and life and motion in the Strand, toward which their feet had naturally tended. Presently the young man took fire at it, and began to talk.

"This," said he, "is the nursery and the sepulchre of Hope, the father-land of parvenus, the foster-mother of Genius."

"That," said the Major, "is a fragment of the rejected scrip."

"I never come here," answered Douglas, "but the street gets hold of me. There's not a note in all the infinite gamut of human emotion which is soundless here. One of these days some Shakespeare-Wagner will get an epic opera out of it."

"The style," said the Major, "is more conversational and less strained; but this, again, is a modified excerpt from the rejected scrip."

The young man walked on, dreaming with his eyes open, with a vague consciousness of power swelling within him. All avenues seemed closed—even the road which led to the necessary daily loaf. He was hungry and shabby, and yet he began so to dream of an open road, found somewhere, or forced open somehow, which should lead to fame and fortune, that he trod the pavement like a conqueror. The Major's arm, passed through his, guided him hither and thither, or arrested him here and there. The elder man was, by nature and experience, more phlegmatic; but he saw into his friend's mood, and was half mournfully amused by it.

He stopped now and then, as men in his position will. You may see the broken, hungry, valiant gentleman at any hour of any day in London, looking at unattainable things to eat; reading from the top line to the bottom the announcements of plays he cannot hope to see; inspecting jewelry he cannot hope to buy; filling his pockets with fairy bank-notes which are only valuable at the Exchange of Fancy, and will pay for Barmecide dinners only.

Douglas walked on in his cloud-land, and by-and-by, when they had cleared the roaring Strand, passed Trafalgar Square, and got into the quiet of Whitehall, he began to murmur to himself, after a fashion the Major knew of old. The phlegmatic, sweet-tempered campaigner grinned to himself as Dick mouthed his verses under his breath, and stopped or went on by fits and starts, unconscious of the guiding arm which led him.

This mood failed the youngster after a while, and by the time the Major had guided him into St. James's Park he was once more despondent. They lingered here for an hour or two, and then retraced their steps. When they got back into the neighborhood of the theatres, the crowd upon the pavement thickened, and the hoarse roar which swells the voice of the Strand to more than its mid-day volume told that the play-houses were emptying. They jostled their way through the noisy and good-humored crowd, until they reached the entrance to the Gaiety Theatre, and there stopped perforce, wedged into the front row of the mob of touts and loungers who watched the audience stream out upon the pavement and disperse. Pretty women, still prettier with the after-light of laughter on their faces, tripped past, under the escort of enviable young men, got up for conquest.

Douglas stood and glowered at it all, not unnaturally perhaps. He felt himself lost in the shabby, undistinguished crowd, and envied those who had music and laughter and the society of beautiful and accomplished women. He had had them all, and lost them, by no fault of his own, and it was pardonable in the lad that he should be a little bitter over it. He might never reach them again, or (with a flash of the mood which had taken hold of him two or three hours earlier) he *might* grasp them again—all he had lost, and more. Then came despondency anew. Years of solitude and labor would leave him with chilled blood and blunted appetite; envied, perhaps, by the young, whose very envy would be enviable to him. And even this was a dream unlikely of fulfilment.

His mournful meditations met a sudden momentary check. From under the portal of the theatre came a child-woman of seventeen or so. He had never thought himself particularly impressionable, but this girl's face seemed to him so beautiful that he had no sooner set eyes upon it than he forgot everything but admiration. He was not the only one in the little crowd about the theatre who was struck by this charming vision—a fact amply evidenced by the hum of admiration which rose at its appearance. The young man was weak in matters of millinery, and had little attention to spare to the details of the lady's dress; but he had a vague impression of a cloud of diaphanous white, lit by touches here and there of brighter color, and of the sheen and glimmer of jewels, as she passed lightly before him. She was accompanied by a tall and personable young man of the masher species—a young man with a face of vacuous good-humor, tortured for the moment from its customary expression of amiable nothingness into one of feeble ferocity by the effort he made to fix a refractory eye-glass. It was raining slightly; and the footman, who had slipped down from the carriage which awaited the lady and her escort, was impeded by the crowd. Douglas was almost within an arm's length of the carriage door, and a single step brought its handle within his grasp. He opened the door, and drew back, suddenly abashed at himself.

Had he been dressed like a gentleman, he could have rendered a stranger so small a service without embarrassment; but he remembered his shabbiness so suddenly and so vividly that he could have been well content if the pavement beneath him had opened and let him through into subterranean London. The young man who accompanied the pretty girl had conquered the refractory eye-glass, and without turning to look at the person who had done this small service, he thrust a gloved thumb and forefinger into a pocket and tossed half a crown toward him. Dick Douglas took one fiery step forward, with all the blood of all the Douglases flaming against the insult; but the Major, who had been a noted wicket-keeper in his day, caught the coin, spun it, pouched it, dragged his young companion backward from the crowd, and crossed the highway.

"Confound his insolence!" said Douglas.

"Bless his extravagant good-nature!" said the Major. But Dick was in a great state of anger and humiliation.

The philosophic Major hustled him rapidly along, recrossed the road, dived into one of the northern by-streets, sought and found a ham and beef shop, then a baker's, then a tobacconist's, and marched the offended Douglas home. When nearly there, he called at a small huckster's shop and bought a candle.

"And now," said he, with an air of victory, "the arrangements for the banquet are completed."

"I'm not going to eat bread that's bought with money that was thrown at me as though I were a dog," said the young fellow, hotly.

"Ain't you?" said the Major. "I am. It's your half-crown, Dick, or it was before I spent it, but I make no bones about quartering myself upon my friends."

"Did you see the fellow?" Douglas asked.

"Yes," said the Major. "I saw him. What about him?"

"I didn't know him," said the other, "until he threw that confounded coin at me. I knew him then, though."

"Oh!" said the Major. "Who was he?"

"We were at Eton together," answered Dick, "and at Trinity Hall together afterward. His name's Bagleigh—Lord Bagleigh. He's the greatest ass that nature ever lent a skin to."

"With the sole and solitary exception," returned the Major, with his mouth full—for by this time they had silently evaded the landlady, and the Major was busy with the banquet—"with the solitary exception of the man who won't eat, though he's hungry, when he has grub honestly earned by the sweat of his own brow before him."

"I suppose," said Dick, "I should be an ass not to take it, since it's here?"

To this the Major said nothing. They made a temperate feast, remembering the morrow; and then they sat down to a pipe, with the water-bottle between them, and smoked and tippled until the church clock sounded one.

VII.

Immediately below the two chambers occupied by the unprosperous Major and his companion dwelt Mr. Cyrus Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan, though thirteen years older than when first introduced to these pages, still wore the same disarming smile of propitiatory impertinence, and betrayed his increased age only by a shining baldness, which, in rare moments of gravity, gave him an almost venerable aspect.

Douglas and the Major were at breakfast somewhere about the hour of noon. They found it economical to lie long in bed, even when they had provisions; and when they had not, it was the least unendurable method of passing away time which they had yet discovered. Neither was an idle man by nature. They had drifted into idle ways by mere stress of idleness. Having nothing to do had taught them to do nothing.

The manuscript returned to Douglas the night before still lay upon the table, half unfolded, in its brown paper wrappings. A newspaper was spread over a portion of the table, by way of cloth, and on this was placed the remnant of last night's provisions. The two men ate slowly and gravely, as if resolved to make the meal as lengthy an affair as possible. Each alike was taciturn. The beginning of the day was, as a general thing, the most melancholy part of it. Toward evening they became inured, as it were, to themselves; and sometimes, at night-time, could face their own desperate circumstances with a courage which had grown almost flippant in its carelessness by force of its employment throughout the day.

While they thus sat at mournful feast together, the door opened without preliminary or warning, and Mr. Sullivan, carrying a pewter pot in one hand and a brier-root pipe in the other, shouldered his way into the apartment, nodded, smiled, sipped his beer, and bestowed himself gingerly in a ramshackle old chair, which stood for extra safety in a corner. "Morning, Majah," said Mr. Sullivan, with a military salute. "Good-morning to our forensic young friend, also."

They both said "Good-morning," cheerfully enough, and brightened visibly at their visitor's advent.

"There's corn in Egypt," said the visitor, nodding toward the breakfast table. "Gentlemen, I'll bet you drinks round that I spot the founder of the feast."

"You'll bet what?" asked the Major.

"I'll bet you anything you choose to name," said Mr. Sullivan, "that I identify at the first shot the Peer of the Realm to whose generosity I am indebted for the spectacle which is now presented to my view."

Dick glanced at the intruder almost savagely, but said nothing.

"The spectacle?" said the Major, questioningly.

"Adversity Lightened," responded Mr. Sullivan; "or, The Breakfast Bestowed. Perhaps," he added, dropping into a conversational tone, "you didn't know the cove. He was a noble lord. His name was Bagleigh."

"There's a little enigma in this, Mr. Sullivan," said the Major, with an air of gravity.

"I was present, gentlemen," returned Mr. Sullivan, wagging his head with an indescribable air of shame and self-approval, "at the scene. I was a witness of the polite activity and the natural indignation of our young forensic friend."

At this Douglas colored to the roots of his blond hair, and pulled at his mustache. Even the Major was disconcerted for a moment, and the bronze of his complexion was ruddier by a tone or two than ordinary.

"Scrumptious little party he had with him," said Mr. Sullivan, noting the signs of the confusion he had created, and anxious to change the theme. "She was lovely as a child; and now that she is approaching womanhood, she bids fair, in my humble judgment, to knock anything in petticoats in London."

"She was lovely as a child, was she?" said the Major. He knew where Mr. Sullivan's conversational strength and weakness lay, and was not displeased at times to draw him into a manifestation of it.

"She was an enchanting little fairy," said the visitor; "a little wilful—for everybody spoiled her—but delightful. I do not think"—with an air of sincerity and conviction which persuaded his listeners that he was lying—"I do not think I ever saw so charming a child. It's thirteen years ago since I prophesied to myself that she

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1535.

would grow up to be one of the most beautiful women anywhere; and I ask you, gentlemen, both, if she does not justify my prophecy?"

"Amply," said the Major. "Who is she?"

In his mood of listless vacuity, the Major would sooner have heard Mr. Sullivan romance than not.

"She is the daughter," said the visitor, lightly, "of a dear old friend of mine, who came to a melancholy end in Paris thirteen years ago last winter. He was somewhat older than myself, but we were the closest and dearest chums. Poor Bob!"

Mr. Sullivan sighed, took a pull at his pint, and then smoked for a moment or two with an air of contemplative sadness.

The Major began to be interested and amused, because, to his mind, Mr. Sullivan was engaged, in this moment of apparent abstraction, in concocting an apt continuation for a story so romantically begun.

"Yes?" he said, encouragingly. "What was the melancholy end he came to?"

"He disappeared mysteriously," said Mr. Sullivan. "He went over to Paris thirteen years ago last winter for the express purpose of meeting an old chum, who bore the identical name of that great house of which our forensic young friend is not the least distinguished member. I allude," he added, with an air of almost superfluous candor, "to the name of Douglas."

The Major laughed. He was adapting Mr. Sullivan's narrative and the manner of it to his own preconceived idea. Mr. Sullivan generally invented what he had to say, and the Major felicitated himself upon his present penetration as he watched, or supposed himself to watch, the workings of the inventor's mind.

"Dick," he said, humoring his own fancy and Mr. Sullivan at the same time, "isn't it odd that Sullivan should have been there last night, and should have recognized a young lady who has so romantic a history behind her?"

"Yes," said Douglas, ungraciously; "very odd indeed."

He had less liking than the Major for Mr. Sullivan's society. The visitor's mendacity sometimes disgusted him. The Major was by nature a philosopher, and by experience case-hardened. If a man chose to be a liar, he defended himself by a chronic unbelief of him, and was otherwise unmoved by the contemplation of the vice.

"Not at all odd," said Mr. Sullivan, and continued his narrative. "Mr. Robert Kenyon—for that was the name of the unfortunate gentleman whose career reached so melancholy a close—"

"What!" said Douglas, breaking in suddenly. "Was that young lady Robert Kenyon's daughter?"

"The daughter of Robert Kenyon," said Mr. Sullivan, "and the niece of Mr. Gabriel Kenyon, of the Lodge, Perry Haughton."

"By George!" said Douglas, staring at the Major, "that's a strange thing, if it's true. My father was the last man in the world, so far as anybody ever knew, who saw Robert Kenyon alive."

"Seems to be something in it," said the Major, giving voice to his own inward sentiment. "I thought, of course," he added, with an explanatory air, to Sullivan, "that you were bouncing."

"I?" asked the visitor, with a look of injury. "No, no, sir. You are joking. Don't make that sort of statement even in jest. It wounds me, Major Morton. The one thing I can't endure is to be doubted. Even a pretence of it disturbs me."

"I beg your pardon," said the Major, solemnly. "Proceed."

"Mr. Gabriel Kenyon, as I happen to know," said Sullivan, with something of an air of mystery and importance, "was resident in Paris at the time of his cousin's death. He was there under circumstances of considerable poverty and hardship—a fact in no way discreditable to him, gentlemen." Mr. Sullivan, as he said this, waved a courteous hand, to indicate the condition of the table, the appearance of his hosts, and the furniture of the apartment. "The best of men," he continued, "have their times of adversity. I myself have not always rolled in wealth. Mr. Kenyon, as I said—the present Mr. Kenyon—was in poverty in Paris. He left Paris at about the date of his cousin's mysterious death there, for the purpose of visiting him in England. His probable idea was to solicit relief from his wealthy relative. He never had occasion to ask it. The wealthy relative had disappeared. His cousin went over to Paris, and instituted a search for him. He established his identity with that of a gentleman who was found in a mean house in a low quarter of the city, stripped of all his valuables, and dead from some unknown cause. He returned to England; he inherited the estates of his late cousin, which were entailed; and he adopted, and has reared with the tenderest care and affection, the young lady whom we saw last night. Lord Bagleigh is, I understand, a suitor for her hand. He is Mr. Kenyon's nearest neighbor in the county, and is universally disrespected because he is an ass."

"I remember something of all this," said the Major, "in the newspapers, about a dozen years ago."

"It was not from the newspapers," said Mr. Sullivan, with a manner almost stately, "that I gained my information. Poor Bob Kenyon was my dearest friend, and I knew his cousin in his poverty. I was myself a resident in Paris at the same time with him, and was able to be of some occasional assistance to him. Now that I come to remember it, we travelled at that very time I spoke of from Paris to London together, and, by the purest chance, I happened to accompany him as far as Perry Haughton. I regret to say—though rather for his sake than my own—that our intimacy has of late years fallen into desuetude. He seemed to resent so strongly the applications I made to him for a return—or, I should prefer to say, a recognition—of the services I was long ago enabled to render him that I forsook his society."

"How did you come to know Lord Bagleigh?" Douglas asked.

"He and my younger brother were companions at school and college," responded Sullivan.

There were moments when the Major could not resist the temptation to entrap Mr. Sullivan, and at this statement he broke out with, "Why, you told us yesterday that you were the sole survivor of your race, and had never had a brother."

Mr. Sullivan was not abashed.

"I did," he said, with a voice of melancholy. "I have made a practice of saying so, and of trying to think so. The boy traded upon my kindness during many years, and I have been compelled to cast him off."

He went into a long and entertaining history of this newly invented younger brother, and interspersed it with many reminiscences of his early days in the society of Lord Bagleigh and other titled people, and at length withdrew.

"It's likely to be true enough," said Douglas, alluding to Mr. Sullivan's identification of the young lady they had seen on the previous night. "Lord Bagleigh is their nearest neighbor, as the fellow said, and she is just as likely to be Miss Kenyon as to be anybody else."

"Scarcely," said the Major, "since Sullivan says she is."

"I don't know," returned Douglas, meditatively. "She has a resemblance to her father, whom I can just remember. There was something in her face last night which reminded me of somebody. It came back to me with a hint of childhood, and I've been puzzled about it, more or less, ever since. The fellow's right, you may depend upon it."

"Like enough," said the Major; and there the conversation languished.

They passed an hour or two in dreary quiet, sometimes looking out of window at the surging crowd beneath, every man of which had business of his own, however hopeless and unprofitable, whilst they had none, and saw no way of finding any. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when, to the huge surprise of both, the slatternly servant of the house knocked at the door, and presented a letter addressed to Richard Douglas, Esquire. The envelop bore an office stamp, setting forth the name and address of a firm of solicitors in Chancery Lane.

"Some more of the poor old Guv'nor's liabilities, I suppose," said Douglas, mournfully, as he tore the envelop open.

The Major lounged uninterestedly on the sofa, and watched his young comrade languidly as he read. Suddenly the young man made an ejaculation, and began to caper, and to flourish the letter overhead. Then, just as suddenly, he arrested himself, and stared at the Major with a face of consternation.

"What's the matter?" asked the old campaigner.

"You won't believe it!" cried Douglas—"you can't believe it—I can hardly believe it myself—but I am actually and positively asked by a firm of solicitors to undertake the conduct of a case which comes on for trial on the sixth of next month, and am informed that the necessary documents will be forwarded to me immediately on my acceptance of the brief. Look at it! See if it isn't true!"

He tossed the letter toward the Major, who picked it up from the floor and glanced over it.

"It looks real enough," he said.

"What on earth am I to do?" Douglas demanded, with a rueful grin. "I haven't a suit of clothes fit to go in; even the wig and gown are up the spout together. What's to be done? And how in the name of all that's mysterious and wonderful did the people ever come to hear of me? It isn't as if I were in chambers."

"Dick," said the Major, seriously, almost pathetically, "you mustn't miss a chance like this. You shall have the uniform, my boy, and you shall be able to call in respectable guise upon the solicitors, if that should be necessary. Leave it all to me."

The younger man asked for explanations, which the elder stolidly declined to give. But the Major had persuaded himself to do for his young companion's sake what he would never have done for his own, and he made a pilgrimage that evening to the West End, where, after an interview with a certain wealthy relative, he secured a sum of ten pounds upon his note of hand, and returning, placed the money upon the table.

"You've got your chance, my lad," he said, kindly, and a little sadly, "take it. Whether it's a big chance or a little one doesn't matter much; it's a start, anyhow."

On the strength of the promised brief, Dick consented to borrow the money from his friend, and next day they were both respectably habited, and breakfasted and dined decently, if frugally.

As a matter of course, Dick took the proffered brief, and studied it with great eagerness, but it brought his studies to a momentary stand-still when he discovered that his client was no other than Gabriel Kenyon, of the Lodge, Perry Haughton.

VIII.

Mr. Sullivan awoke one morning about this time of year, and swore. Having performed his orisons, he arose, and proceeded to the making of his toilet. It was his forty-second birthday, and he felt vaguely sentimental; and the whistle with which he accompanied the inking of his frayed cuffs and the chalking of his soiled paper collar was full of a regretful melancholy.

He took stock of his features in the little triangle of cracked looking-glass affixed to the wall, and marked the ravages which time had worked in the countenance he remembered, regretfully, to have been once upon a time so frank and smooth. He shook his head sadly at the reflection, as if he charged it with making matters worse than they really were.

"William," he said, "you cannot be falling into the sere and yellow. Forty-two is an absurd age for a man of your physique to become bald."

He sighed, and, sitting upon the bed, examined his boots with a painful interest. They were gray, and frayed at the toes, and there were signs of approaching disunion between the upper battens and the soles. Every article of his limited wardrobe was marked by similar tokens of ravage and decay. On dark days they passed muster tolerably well. But the sun of early spring, which burnishes the iris of the dove, and sheds such tender tints on budding leaf and flower, is a foe to the impecunious man who would fain appear respectable, and until the dawning of this lovely morning Mr. Sullivan had never guessed how nearly he approached to the apocalypse of shabbiness.

He assumed each article of attire with a shiver of reluctant resignation, and surveyed their combined effect upon his person with something approaching despair. He shrugged his shoulders sadly, put on his hat, and, opening his bedroom door, stepped out cautiously on the landing, and listened. A distant clattering of crockery, proceeding from the basement, betrayed the whereabouts of his landlady, and descending with mincing footsteps, he reached and opened the front door, and strolled out with a gentlemanly *dégagé* aspect along the street.

When he came to the corner, his face, which the successful running of the domestic blockade had wreathed with smiles, assumed an expression of profound melancholy, which deepened as he entered the door of a low-browed little shop, in whose windows were displayed a few boxes of spotty-complexioned cigars and an assortment of pipes in wood and cheap meerschaum. At the receipt of custom, perched behind the counter on a tall stool, sat a stout young lady of some forty summers.

"Good-morning, Mr. Sullivan," said the stout young lady.

Mr. Sullivan silently pressed the extended hand, and deepened his already doleful expression.

"How is Mrs. Sullivan this morning?"

He shook his head, and produced a voluminous handkerchief from his pocket.

"Dear, dear, so bad as that?"

"Her last words to me this morning," he replied, "would have melted a heart of stone, Miss Wicks."

He mopped his eyes, and sniffed behind the handkerchief. Miss Wicks slid a coin across the counter. Mr. Sullivan conveyed it to his pocket with apparent unconsciousness, and continued:

"'Cyrus,' she said, 'I'm afraid that I have not been the wife to you that I should have been.' 'Matilda,' I said, 'have I ever reproached you?' 'Never,' she said; 'but I can but be conscious of my failings as the wife of such a man.' 'Matilda,' I said—"

But here Mr. Sullivan's recollections became too harrowing, and he sobbed. Miss Wicks's hand slid an ounce of tobacco across the counter. He absorbed it, and gently pressed her fingers.

"Angel!" murmured Mr. Sullivan.

Miss Wicks blushed, and lowered her eyes, and her visitor seized the opportunity to relieve his over-burdened feelings by a wink, addressed to a non-existent third person. "Why did we meet—too late?"

The blush deepened, Miss Wicks's fingers faintly returned his pressure, and her head drooped lower under Mr. Sullivan's melancholy gaze. He dropped her hand, and with a deep sigh left the shop.

"Poor dear man!" said Miss Wicks, gazing, with moistened eyes, after his retreating figure.

"Rum old girl!" said Mr. Sullivan, clinking the half-crown gayly against his latch-key. "Cyrus, you might do worse than kill off the non-existent Mrs. Sullivan, and take on the solid reality."

He paused, absorbed in cogitations in which Miss Wicks had no place.

"Where shall I go? There's Smith's, in Holborn. As good a chop, bread, and potatoes as are to be got for a shilling in London. But they charge an extra penny for the Worcester sauce, and they won't let you smoke. There's Piaggi's, in Greek Street. That's the crib. The garlic alone is worth double the money."

He strode on briskly until he reached his goal, and pushing open a swing-door, held ajar by a leather strap, entered a long low room, containing a double range of little tables, with a central gangway leading between them to a counter at the farther end. The walls were of canvas, rudely frescoed with distemper paintings from classic fable, and the plastered ceiling bore the semblance of a crowd of dropsical Cupids sporting about a blowzy Venus. There were some score of people, principally men, of a pronouncedly foreign aspect, scattered at the various sloppy little tables of imitation marble, sipping coffee and liqueurs, smoking cigarettes, and chattering volubly, each to his own satisfaction, though little to the benefit of his neighbors, for everybody talked and nobody listened.

Nodding cheerfully in answer to the war of polyglot greetings with which he was received, the new-comer selected his table, and betook himself to a study of the fly-blown carte offered to him by an ear-ringed and mustached freebooter, girt with an apron of dubious tint, who officiated as waiter. Mr. Sullivan selected his viands with a judgment which at once secured the respect of his fellow-convives, who assailed him with advice and criticism of the various dishes inscribed, and reserved to him a portion of Miss Wicks's donation for ulterior purposes.

Breakfast despatched, and followed by a cup of coffee and a cigarette, Mr. Sullivan took his leave of the company, and made for the British Museum library, where he was a constant and well-known visitor. After a short search among some seldom-visited volumes on the right of the reader's entrance, he selected a tome of imposing weight, and bearing it to his seat, read and wrote for two hours with great assiduity. After re-reading and correcting his manuscript, he restored the volume to its shelf, and quitting the Museum, walked in the direction of the Strand. He entered a tall and narrow house in the neighborhood of St. Clement Danes, and mounted endless flights of stairs until he came upon a door bearing the inscription, "The *Cherubim*, Published Weekly, Price 1d." His knock was answered by a voice bidding him to enter, and obeying, he found himself in the presence of a tall man seated at a desk, and writing as if for dear life. He did not look up on Mr. Sullivan's entrance, but drove his pen across the paper at a furious rate.

"How beautiful is editorial industry!" said Sullivan.

The editor of the *Cherubim* looked up, and recognized his visitor.

"What am I to do for you?" asked the editor.

"A little contribution," said Mr. Sullivan, producing his manuscript.

"Your little contributions have not given satisfaction of late," returned the editor. "You don't seem to have caught our tone. Levity is not a desirable ingredient in an evangelical paper; and we object to quotations from Byron."

"It was only 'Childe Harold,'" pleaded Mr. Sullivan.

"A profane poem, sir," said the editor, severely. "His Lordship objected strongly."

He took the MS. and twisted the leaves, reading a sentence here and there. "No Byron here, I hope?"

"Not a line," said William. "Two quotations from Dr. Watts, and one from Keble."

"That's better. How much does it make?"

"Five columns."

"Call it three," said the editor. "Of course you want payment in advance?"

Mr. Sullivan smiled, in mingled deprecation and anticipation. The editor produced thirty shillings from a cash-box, and threw them across the desk toward him.

Mr. Sullivan spent the day in wandering from tavern to tavern, and in the evening repaired anew to Piaggi's restaurant. Save for a *partie carrée* of grimy exiles playing dominoes at the further extremity of the room, the place was empty as he took his seat. A dish of watery soup was the first item of his repast, and whilst imbibing it he trifled with the carte, stimulating appetite by perusing the whole list of dishes, and weighing their respective merits one against the other. A slice of salami, highly flavored, and of appetizing properties, though doubtful composition, followed the soup, and was duly succeeded by a dish of spaghetti, a preparation of macaroni flavored with tomato, in great demand among the Italians of the quarter as a cheap and nutritious article of diet.

He completed his beatitude by ordering a cup of coffee and brandy and a cigar; and leaning back in his seat, he sipped and smoked with the calm of a man who has dined, and is impervious to fate. He grew so drowsy with contentment that presently he began to nod. And then a singular thing happened. He was in the waiting-room of the Station du Nord, Paris, on a bitter frosty morning, and Gustave Peltzer's hand was on his shoulder, and Gustave Peltzer's voice was in his ears.

"There is money enough to pay you."

He heard the words distinctly, and they startled him so that he awoke. He had made that dream journey from London to Paris in pretty quick time, for the cigar between his lips was still alight. He took a sip at his laced coffee, to pull himself together, and in the act of doing so perceived a customer who had entered during his doze, and taken a seat opposite to him.

The day was dying fast outside, and the restaurant was thick with shadow, save at the upper end, where the domino-players had lit the jet of gas above them; and all that Sullivan could see of his neighbor was that he was an elderly man, with a ragged gray beard, and that he sat in an attitude of great weariness, his elbows on the table, and his head supported in his hands.

"Garçon!" cried the new-comer, and Sullivan started with a surprise so strong it thrilled him with an actual spasm of pain.

"Peltzer!" he said aloud.

The man opposite started to his feet with a gesture of unmistakable terror, and sent his right hand into his breast. A burst of laughter from the other end of the room had half drowned Sullivan's exclamation, and none but he and the new-comer were aware of it. He crossed the room.

"Don't you know me, man?" Peltzer stood with his hand still hidden, breathing stertorously. "It's our fate to frighten each other," said Sullivan. "You scared me the last time we met; and now we're quits."

The other hand left his bosom and gripped Sullivan's shoulder with tremulous force.

"To commence," he said, "do not call me by that name. Do I know you?" His eyes searched Sullivan's face. "Yes! I know you. We have met before." The hand tightened with a sudden grip. "Can I speak your name?"

"Toujours Sullivan," said Cyrus.

"You followed him—the man I pointed out?"

"Yes."

"You know his name?"

"Yes."

"Is he alive still?"

"I saw him less than a week ago."

"Tell me," said Peltzer, touching at him eagerly, "is he well-to-do?"

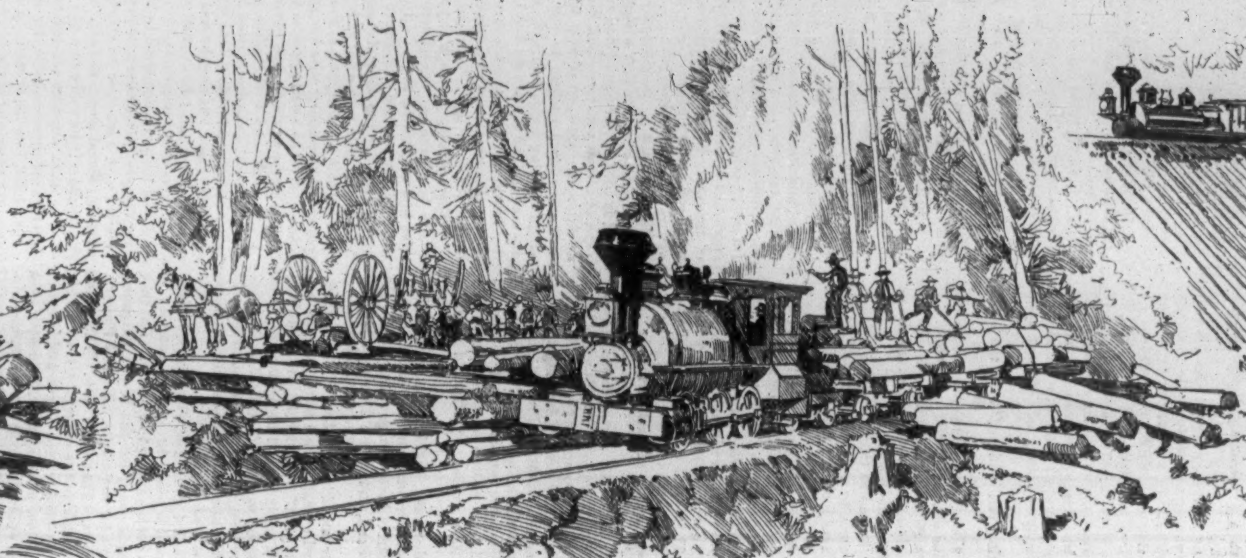
"He is more than well-to-do," said Sullivan. "He is rich."

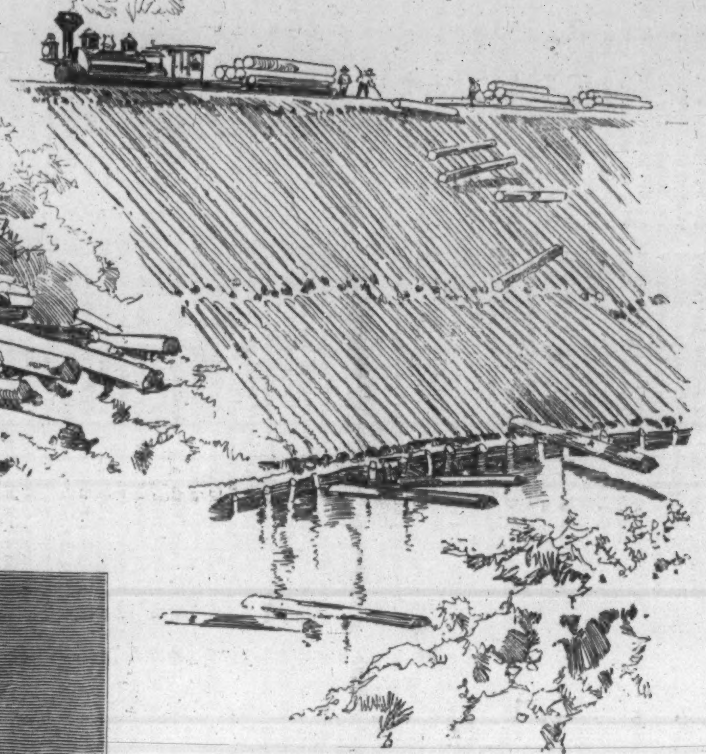
Peltzer settled back into his seat with a deep breath, and smiled horribly at his old acquaintance.

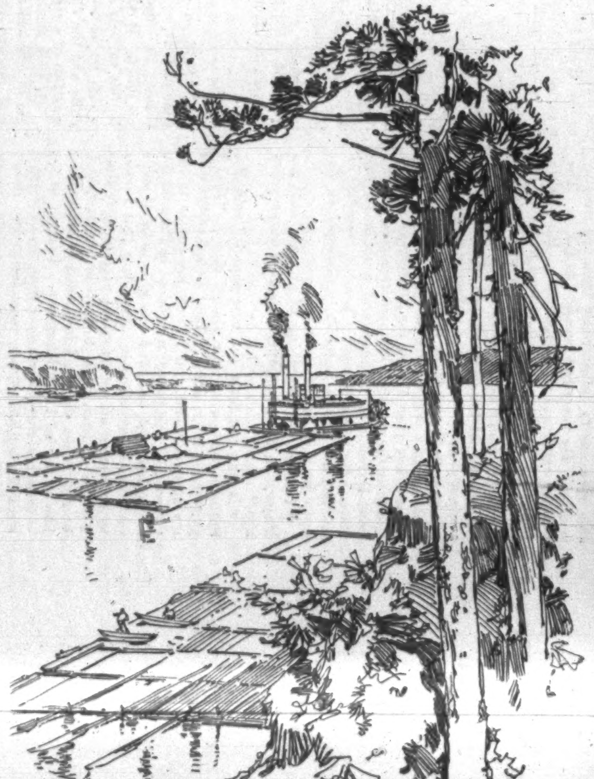
"At last!" he said, "at last!—oh, at last!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Loosening a Jam


Loading train at the Skidways

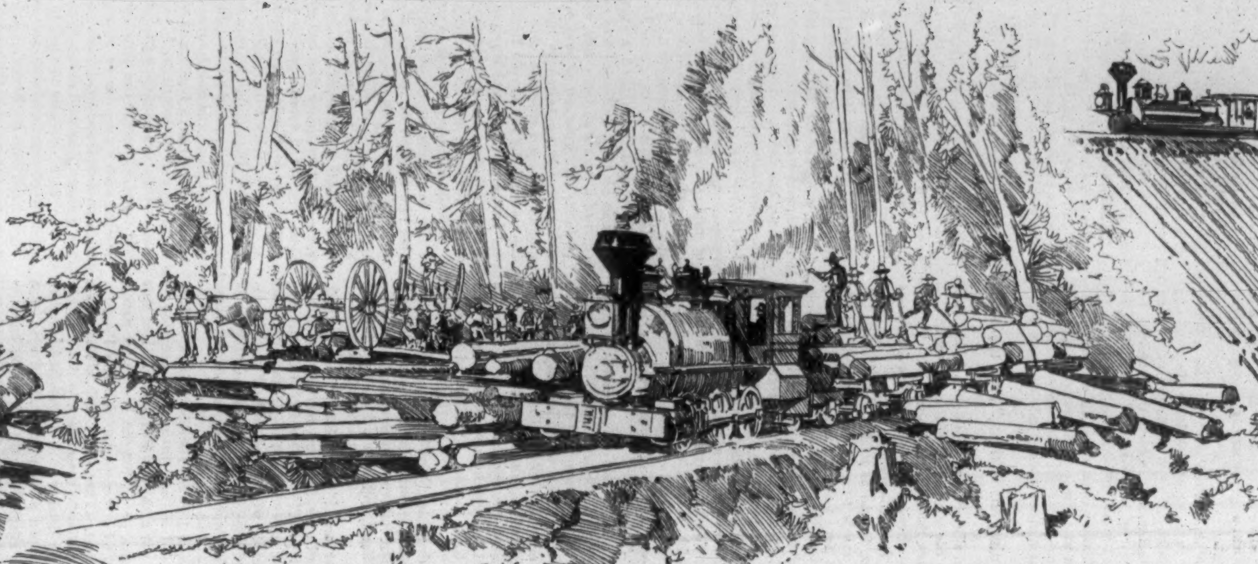

A Rollway in Michigan on the Lake Co. R.R.



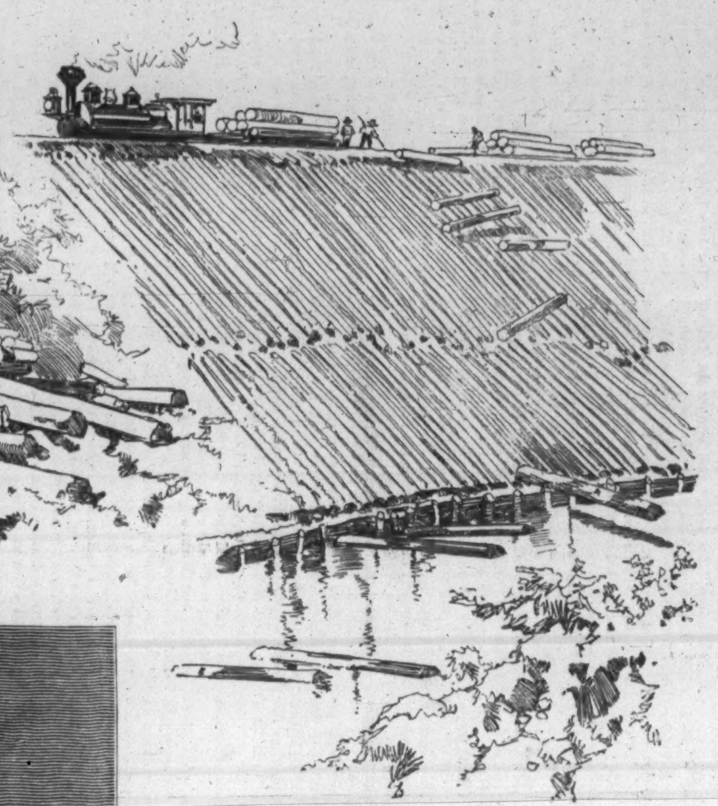
Splicing

RAFTING LOGS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 362.]

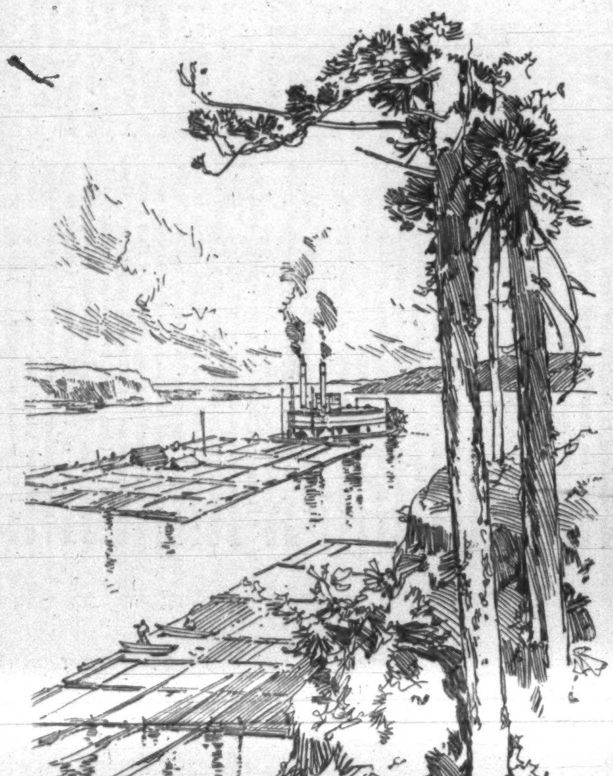
Loosening a Jam



Loading train at the Skidways

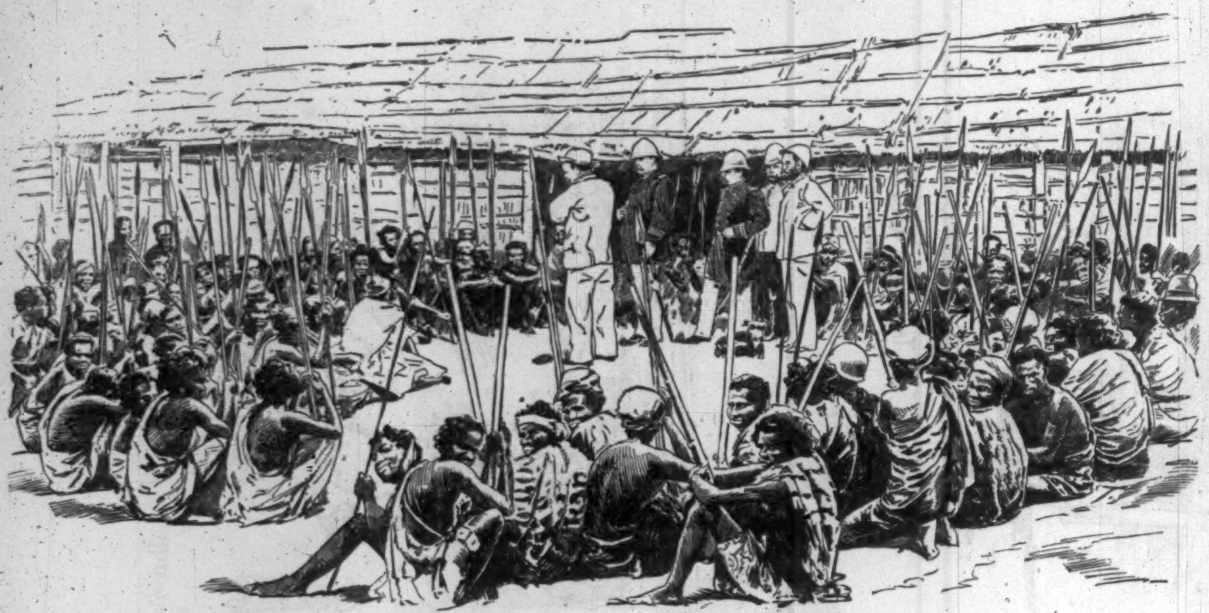


A Rollway in Michigan on the Lake Co R.R.



Splicing

RAFTING LOGS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 362.]



NAVAL OFFICERS AT THE TRADING STATION.—Photographed by Surgeon S. H. Griffith, U.S.N.

AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR.

Two pictures are shown on this page of scenes connected with a recent international episode which, although duly reported to the Navy Department at Washington, has not received much prominence at the hands of the press: the loss of the American bark *Surprise* on the coast of Africa last winter, and the subsequent pillage by the natives of her small boats, is the affair referred to. In March the United States man-of-war *Lancaster* was ordered to proceed from Cape Town to Nos Veh Harbor to investigate this act of piracy on the part of the subjects of King Lahamarisa, and on the morning of March 16 she dropped anchor at Tullear. There is a wide-awake little newspaper published semi-monthly on board the *Lancaster*, and it is from the files of this paper, *The Lancaster Print*, that the following particulars are obtained, the illustrations being from photographs taken by the surgeon of the ship.

The acts of piracy which led to the visit of the war ship *Lancaster* may be briefly described as follows: The bark *Surprise* having struck on a reef near Nos Veh, was deserted by her crew, the captain taking command of one of the small boats, and the mate of the other. The two boats were speedily surrounded by a flotilla of canoes full of naked savages of the Sakalava tribe, who, while not attempting to do bodily harm to the white sailors, proceeded to plunder them most ruthlessly of all the valuables they had carried away with them from the wrecked vessel. The captain of the *Surprise*, describing the attack, says: "They jumped into my boat, sinking her to the thwarts, and taking everything out of her, even taking an old coat and shawl off of my daughter's back." It was for the purpose of demanding indemnity for this outrage that the *Lancaster* sailed to Tullear. In one of the accompanying illustrations Captain E. E. Potter, of the *Lancaster*, and a few of his aids are shown surrounded by the Sakalavas. The photograph was taken by Surgeon Griffith at the moment when Captain Potter made his demand upon the natives that they should pay a tax or indemnity, amounting to five tons of orchilla-weed, for the robbery of the crew of the bark *Surprise*. It is an interesting picture, but it could scarcely have been an interesting moment for the American naval officer and his little group of aids, inasmuch as the natives who surrounded them like a wall were armed with spears and flint-lock muskets, which at one word from their chieftain—a minor king named Semi Pike—they would have used upon the practically defenceless whites. *The Lancaster Print* says that the parley lasted for several hours, the upshot being that the local chieftains consented to send a messenger to King Lahamarisa apprising that monarch of the American officer's demands. The second illustration shows the arrival on board the *Lancaster* of the delegation of Tullear chiefs to whom had been intrusted the delivery of King Lahamarisa's answer. This occurred on March 22. *The Lancaster Print*, in reporting the scene, says: "As they filed over the gangway, seven in all, it was easy to see that they were suspicious of foul play. The marines around the engine-room hatch, waiting for 'quarters,' were especially an object of suspicion. Lieutenant Potter received them with courtesy, and their message, which began with something that sounded like Biki-giki-kiki-golly-gush-mungo-ki-spuch, was interpreted to be to the effect that King Lahamarisa saw no proof that his people had robbed the boats of the *Surprise*. He had tried to get the white traders of Manumba, who had bought the pillaged stuff, to tell of whom they had bought it, but they had refused; therefore the king had decided that he would not pay the demand." In spite of this evasive message, the delegation, it seems, was treated with great courtesy on board the *Lancaster*, and consented to have their photographs taken. They were then favored with an exhibition of the working of the Gatling guns and revolving cannons, after being duly impressed with which instruments of warfare they volunteered to make another appeal to the king, Captain Potter saying that his demand for the five tons of orchilla-weed would remain open for sixty days.

SAKALAVA CHIEFS ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "LANCASTER."—Photographed by Surgeon S. H. Griffith, U.S.N.

RAFTING ON THE WISCONSIN.

If you look at a forestry map of Wisconsin you will see that a strip of the peculiar shade of yellow which indicates territory stripped of its marketable trees lies along either side of all the rivers. The raftsman's greatest day is gone, then—the day, at least, when he was the most important person, as he yet thinks he is, whom the log encounters from the woodman to the carpenter. Rafting, like everything else, has been changed somewhat by the railroad, and many of the old river "driver's" adventures with his logs in shooting rapids and going down swift and narrow streams are denied to his successor. Great mills have been built in the Wisconsin forests, and fewer logs every year are transported a great distance. Yet in the last census year $12,000,000 worth of round timber was sent by rafts down the rivers of Wisconsin to mills in Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri. Ten billion feet of pine lumber alone were standing in 1880 in the valley of the Wisconsin River, to say nothing of the valleys of the other rivers, or of other species of marketable woods; and the State is, next to Michigan and Pennsylvania, yet the greatest lumber-producing State in the Union.

Rafting is by no means the mere binding together of logs and the easy floating down stream on them that the picture of a raft in a mild current indicates. The logs are thrown into the stream above rapids and narrows, and the raft often has to be made over many times. The simple splicing and fastening of them together, which make the voyage down a steady current easy enough, are at best a trifling protection against the forming of a "jam," where the stream runs rapidly through a narrow or crooked channel. Then one log wrenched out of position may obstruct all the rest, and the raft become a wreck. To loosen a jam has sometimes proved to be the work of a whole week, and men have had to be swung over it to find the "key log," and to cut it from a tree or a cliff above. And when the jam is loosened, the raft must be rebuilt, wherever and whenever its material can be got together again. If there be a freshet when the logs get loose, or if a jam have so dammed the water that when it is loosened the stream is swollen at any angle the river makes, half the raft or all is likely to be driven and left high and dry on land. In the upper waters the raftsman has to make his way sometimes on his raft, sometimes by boat, and sometimes by land, to keep his cargo together. The men whom this traffic has trained to be amphibious have acquired a degree of skill in the management of logs that gives warrant for their feeling of contempt for mere river pilots or boat captains on the lower waters.

When the raft has been built for the last time, and only the broad river lies before it, it is equipped with a rudder, the raftsmen make their home on it for days or even weeks, they stretch their tent and go comfortably on, using long poles when necessary as an auxiliary either to the rudder or to the current. Saw-mills as far down the Mississippi as St. Louis are yet supplied with logs from the high waters of the Wisconsin River. When the river broadens sufficiently, a number of smaller rafts are joined together into one large one, and when it reaches the point where a tug-boat can be employed with advantage, the consolidated raft is a forest afloat several hundred yards in length.

LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

One of the world's greatest scholars has just passed away. Little is known of the early life of Ranke. He was born in humble station in the village of Unstrut, in Thuringia, December 21, 1795, studied diligently at the University of Leipsic, and at the age of twenty-three became a teacher in the Gymnasium of the quaint old city of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, in the Prussian province of Brandenburg. Here he devoted himself to the study of history, and in 1824 published two remarkable books: a *Criticism of Modern Historians*, in which was explained the system of historical investigation and composition to which he always afterward adhered, and a *History of the Romance and the German Peoples from* 1494 *to* 1535, in which his system was practically illustrated. It was immediately seen that a new and important power had appeared in historical literature. Ranke's method was simple. It consisted essentially in regarding history as a science, to be pursued solely for the purpose of ascertaining and teaching truth. No preconceived theories, no desire to inculcate particular lessons in morals or politics, no consideration of ambition in the writer or of entertainment for the reader, must be allowed to interfere with the work; but every record must be regarded as a witness whose testimony is to be sifted with regard to the writer's state of mind and opportunities for knowledge, and carefully compared with all other sources of information. The *History* showed what could be done by the faithful application of these principles, while the *Criticism* exposed the deviations from them of which historians of repute had been guilty, and the consequent failure to depict events with truth.

The government of Prussia at once summoned Ranke to Berlin, made him Professor in the University, and commissioned him for five years to prosecute researches in the original archives of the principal cities of Italy. The first-fruits of this tour were published in 1827, in the early volumes of the *History of the Princes and Peoples of Southern Europe during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.* The continuation of this work embraced the famous *History of the Popes*, published in 1836, which first made Ranke known in England and throughout the world as the highest authority upon the history of modern Europe. In 1840 Macaulay introduced Mrs. Austen's admirable translation of this book to the British public in a brilliant essay, saying: "It is indeed the work of a mind fitted both for minute researches and for large speculations. It is written also in an admirable spirit, equally remote from levity and bigotry, serious and earnest, yet tolerant and impartial. It is therefore with the greatest pleasure that we now see this book take its place among English classics."

For sixty-two years after his first great success Ranke continued his diligent researches and publications, varied only by his instructions in the University, where, though his manner as a lecturer was dull and unattractive, his intellectual vigor, vast knowledge, and simple love of truth inspired thousands with enthusiasm for historical studies. It is hard to say whether it was in his published writings, or in the personal stimulus given through his pupils to the prosecution of his great science, that he rendered the greatest service to mankind. His life was exceptionally prosperous and happy. He retained the favor alike of the government and of the intellectual society of Europe to the end, and in 1866 was ennobled by the King of Prussia, so that he has since been properly known as Von Ranke. The second edition of his collected works, published in 1873, fills forty-six large octavos; and in the ninth decade of his life he undertook the composition of a general or *Universal History*, of which six volumes were finished, and large collections made for the remaining three, at the time of his death.

THE NEW SOUTHERN METHODIST BISHOPS.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South, at its recent General Conference at Richmond, Virginia, elected to the episcopacy the Rev. Drs. E. R. Hendrix, of Missouri, Charles B. Galloway, of Mississippi, William Wallace Duncan, of South Carolina, and Joseph J. Key, of Georgia.

Bishop Hendrix was born at Fayette, Missouri, May 17, 1847, where his father resided as Treasurer of Central College, the Methodist institution of learning of which the Bishop has been President since 1877. He was graduated successively at Central College, at Wesleyan University, and at Union Theological Seminary in New York. In

GRANT
THEY THAT ROCK THE CRADLE
RULE THE WORLD
U. G.

DECORATION DAY.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.

1869 he became a member of the Missouri Conference. After seven years' service in the itinerant ministry he accompanied the late Bishop MARVIN on a missionary tour around the world. On his return he was elected to the Presidency of Central College. He has won distinction as a preacher, as a teacher, and as an author, his volume of travels *Around the World* having gone through several editions.

Bishop GALLOWAY, a native of Mississippi, is in his thirty-seventh year. He was educated at the University of his native State, and from the time of his graduation till 1882 he was in the itinerant service of his Church in Mississippi, where he soon became one of the most popular and powerful preachers in his Conference. He remained at his post during the epidemic of yellow-fever in 1879, and suffered a severe attack of the disease. Four years ago he was elected editor of the New Orleans *Christian Advocate*. He has for many years been an energetic and active advocate of prohibition.

Bishop DUNCAN, like Bishop HENDRIX, was born at a Methodist institution of learning, and was a teacher at a Methodist college at the time of his election. He was born at Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, in 1839, and was graduated at Wofford College, South Carolina, of whose faculty his father was a member. In 1859 he returned to Virginia, and was one of the most beloved preachers in the State, until 1875, when he was elected a member of the faculty of his *alma mater*. Since then he has resided in South Carolina. He was a member of the Ecumenical Conference held several years ago in London. Bishop DUNCAN, himself a preacher of more than usual eloquence, is a brother of the late Rev. JAMES A. DUNCAN, who was perhaps the most eloquent preacher in the Southern Church.

Bishop KEY likewise comes of a family famous for its preachers. His grandfather and his father filled Methodist pulpits in Georgia, the latter having served for more than fifty years in the itineracy. The newly elected Bishop was born in 1829, was graduated at Emory College, Georgia, in 1848, and began his ministry in 1849. He has for thirty-seven years been actively engaged in the work of his Church.

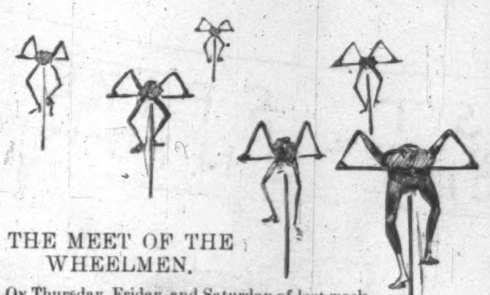
THE SPRINGFIELD CELEBRATION.

SPRINGFIELD, Massachusetts, one of the fairest of towns, celebrated her 250th anniversary on the 25th and 26th of May. She seriously doubted the expediency of the sort of celebration that she carried out. It is all very well and natural enough for some of the municipal young things of the West to plume themselves and go through their paces at the giddy age of fifty, or maybe seventy-five, but what were people to expect of a town that is venerable in the land, and that moves with the decorum of an age that compasses a quarter of a thousand years? They could scarcely think that she would fling up her heels like a colt in the sunshine. They could not imagine that a community whose most extravagant fun had been successively the horse show and the cattle show at Hampden Park, together with the amazing good stewed oysters which old Mr. COOLEY was accustomed to provide, at twenty-five cents a dish, at those sterling entertainments, would go rollicking about, slapping everybody on the back, and jubilantly exclaiming, "Look at me!" as the Western towns do.

Far indeed is the staid city that WILLIAM PYNCHON founded removed from a spirit of that sort, and anybody who is familiar with her would as soon expect to see Blake's Woods marching over to Goose Pond as to see her do anything that could be called harum-scarum. In deference to the prevailing fashion she consented to a parade and a measure of gunpowder and fireworks, but it was against her sober, sensible grain, and she was not backward in letting it be known that her own solid judgment was in favor of celebrating by some durable sign, such as the enlargement of the hospital, or the quickening of the City Library Museum. In the circumstances, it is greatly to the credit of Springfield that her celebration should have been the handsome and satisfying spectacle it was. She had triumphal arches in her streets, and her houses were profusely decorated. Her procession of trades and industries and historical objects was notable. In the line were represented such incidents and objects as the purchase of Springfield lands by WILLIAM PYNCHON from the Indians, a model of the first house in Springfield, a model of the old Indian fort, of the burning of Springfield in 1675, of the first church built in Springfield in 1645, the steam-boat *Agawam*, in which CHARLES DICKENS travelled from Springfield to Hartford, and about which he wrote in his *American Notes*, and of the first train on the Western Railroad.

Literary exercises were held in the City Hall on the first day. Mr. WILLIAM L. SMITH made the opening address. The prayer was made by the venerable Dr. BUCKINGHAM, and addresses followed from Mayor METCALF, Governor ROBINSON, and others. Singing of notable merit was rendered from time to time by the Œpheus Club—a local organization that is known throughout New England. Judge HENRY MORRIS, whose figure is as familiar in Springfield as are the great Court Square elm-trees whose shadows of an afternoon fall upon the windows of his ancient law office, delivered the historical address—a searching and comprehensive paper; and Judge WILLIAM S. SHURTLEFF recited "The Pilgrimage," an original ode, which is marked by fresh and sprightly thought and facile diction. The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. JOHN W. HARDING, of Longmeadow.

In the evening there was a host of speakers at the famous Massasoit House, among them GEORGE M. STEARNS, President PILLSBURY, of the State Senate, SAMUEL BOWLES, DAVID A. WELLS, and Senator DAWES.



THE MEET OF THE WHEELMEN.

ON Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of last week there was gathered together in Boston the largest assemblage of wheelmen ever seen in the United States. The occasion was the seventh annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen; and as Boston is indisputably the home and head-centre of cycling in America, it is not to be wondered at that a meeting of their national organization held in that city should be unusually large and enthusiastic.

The growth and prosperity of this association, formed solely in the interests of a healthful recreation, is remarkable, if not unprecedented, in this country. Founded in 1880 by a few wheelmen from New York, Boston, and other Eastern cities, who met for the purpose on Decoration Day of that year in Newport, Rhode Island, it now numbers nearly ten thousand members, representing every State and Territory in the Union, and its influence is felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. At the time of its formation there were but a few hundred bicycle riders in the country, and they were everywhere subject to the petty persecutions of village, town, and city authorities, who either forbade them to ride within corporation limits, or so restricted their movements that to walk and trundle a barrow was often more satisfactory and enjoyable than to attempt to ride a bicycle and conform to the local ordinances regulating such a proceeding. In those earlier days wheelmen were also greatly persecuted by drivers of fast horses, proprietors of turnpikes, employés of transportation companies, and swarms of young rascals who in both city and country devoted themselves with enthusiasm to the rare sport of stoning and otherwise annoying the rider of the new-fangled machine. In consequence of this state of affairs the first few years of the League's existence were devoted by its members to the asserting and defending of their rights. In State after State they met their opponents in courts of justice, and proved that their right to the use of the public highway was equal to that of those who sought to drive them from it. In the same manner they taught reckless or malevolent drivers that bicycles might not be run into and smashed, or their riders injured, with impunity; and the small boy was made to feel that the stoning of a bicycler was apt to be followed by a retribution as swift and sure as though the vehicle were a coach with outriders.

Slowly but surely the influence of the League began to be felt; its several demands for justice were granted, and to-day, owing to its efforts, the rights of a wheelman are as fully conceded as are those of the equestrian or the driver of horses. As opposition to their existence began to disappear, American wheelmen, through their League, took measures to enlarge their sphere of action and improve their condition in many ways. They visited the several transportation companies, and secured from them a uniform tariff for the carriage of bicycles. They inspected the public highways, and finding them sadly deficient in sign-posts or other guides by which a stranger might find his way, they provided these in such quantities that to-day there is hardly a ridable cross-road in the United States that is not marked by a post and guide-board bearing the broad arrow of the L. A. W. "League hotels," charging a moderate and uniform rate to the wheelman, may now be found in nearly every city, town, or village through which he is at all likely to pass. Better than all this, the League members are everywhere serving the general public as well as themselves by striving with all their might to improve the condition of American roads, and redeem them from the well-merited reproach of being among the worst of those in use by civilized nations.

Having thus by years of incessant hard work overcome most of the obstacles to its progress and development, and being fairly launched on its career of usefulness, the League of American Wheelman is now in a condition for the most thorough enjoyment of its annual meets, parades, banquets, and balls, as was proved at their recent reunion in Boston.

This meet extended over three days, and attracted about two thousand wheelmen to the city. Between twelve and fifteen hundred of these participated in the parade of the League on Saturday morning, and witnessed the League races, for amateurs only, at the Union Grounds, the same afternoon.

One of the most interesting events of the meet was the Corey Hill climbing contest, held on Thursday morning, and from the many events crowded into the three days' programme our artist has selected this contest for illustration as being the most unique and most typical of the possibilities of the cycle. Corey Hill is in Brookline, about three miles from the State House in Boston. The length of its ascent is 2300 feet (nearly half a mile), and its height is 199 feet, making an average rise of one foot in 11.41, while at one point the rise is one in 7.85 feet. The best record for the climbing of this hill, which for many years was deemed inaccessible to a bicycle, was made in October last by C. E. WHITTEN, of Lynn, Massachusetts, on a 51-inch Columbia Roadster. His time was 3 minutes 34½ seconds. Corey Hill is as famous among the wheelmen of America as Reigate is among those of England, and he who can successfully propel a bicycle or tricycle up its steep acclivity from base to crest at once takes rank among the foremost of his fellows, and is honored accordingly. On Thursday Mr. GEORGE E. WEBBER, of Smithville, New Jersey, forced his wheel up the hill in 3 minutes 16¾ seconds, and thus won the first prize for bicycles.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

"A FARMER'S daughter caged in the woods for ten years like a wild beast" is the heading of a news paragraph in a Western paper. It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that the heading is unsatisfactory, because the simile does not seem to be warranted. A wild beast is not caged in the woods for ten years. A Southern paper is sensible of the incongruity, and in copying the paragraph extends the head-line so that it more reasonably (but still somewhat peculiarly) reads: "A farmer's daughter caged in the woods for ten years, like a wild beast is caged in the circus."

When a fire was started one day recently in a stove in California that had not been used in two years, a swarm of bees issued from the chimney, and two hundred pounds of melted honey ran down into the fireplace.

The Sussex Giant has died in England. He was thirty-six years of age, and weighed 546 pounds. Between performances, on an exhibition tour, he fell asleep in his chair, and never awoke. Notwithstanding his vast person, there was no room for his heart to work in.

It is said that the ostrich farmers of Cape Town are going back to their original pursuit of sheep-raising. The business of ostrich-farming amounted to a craze, and the feather market was overstocked. Fifty dollars will now buy a pound of ostrich feathers that once brought five times that amount.

The different fortunes which may attend men working with equal zeal at the same occupation is illustrated in two items of news culled from a Massachusetts and from a Texas newspaper. The Massachusetts item says that a Berkshire man has accumulated several thousand dollars within a few years by giving his faithful attention, early and late, to the running of a buzz-saw. The Texas item says: "Mr. Frederick Nette, a most industrious and respected citizen, was caught yesterday afternoon by his buzz-saw, and lost the first, second, and third fingers of his right hand."

In the province of Limburg a manufacturer of cheese, who was also a widower and the father of a fair young daughter, had in his employ a handsome and modest clerk whom he highly esteemed. After a time it became apparent to the manufacturer that the daughter, notwithstanding she was a most desirable match, and was courted by the important bachelors of the entire neighborhood, had fixed her affections upon the humble clerk, and, singularly enough, the father was delighted by this fact. But he perceived that the clerk was by far too modest and too well aware of the difference in their stations in life ever to dream of asking for the hand of the heiress, and it was for this reason that, in the goodness of his heart, he determined to tell the clerk of the glittering possibilities that awaited him, and to wish him joy. To his overwhelming astonishment, however, no sooner had he bestowed this interesting confidence than the clerk fell upon his knees, and with protestations and tears declared that he was himself a woman, who had assumed man's attire for the sake of the superior advantages which it offered to one called upon to earn a livelihood. Of course there was no help for the cheese manufacturer's daughter, and she was obliged to conquer her disappointment as she best could. The unhappiness of the clerk, however, was susceptible of modification. The manufacturer, it has been said, was a widower; he could wed the clerk; and he did. The bells rang gayly at the wedding, and the neighbors facetiously declared that it was an ill wind which blew good to nobody.

Herr Luders is said to be the name of a German who has patented an arrangement by which the stove-pipe hat of ordinary wear is made to act as a photographic camera operated by the instantaneous process. A man bonneted with this camera, when he finds himself face to face with anything that interests him, needs but to pull a string, and may then walk away with a durable impression of the matter that excited his interest snugly stowed away in his hat. The detective can accumulate a rogues' gallery with the smallest trouble; a man in the act of being run over by a cab can faithfully record the operation; a soldier can lay up a counterfeit of the cannon-ball that is about to take off his legs. If William Patterson had had such a hat he could have seized the lineaments of the man who struck him, and there would be one less mystery to puzzle this burdened world.

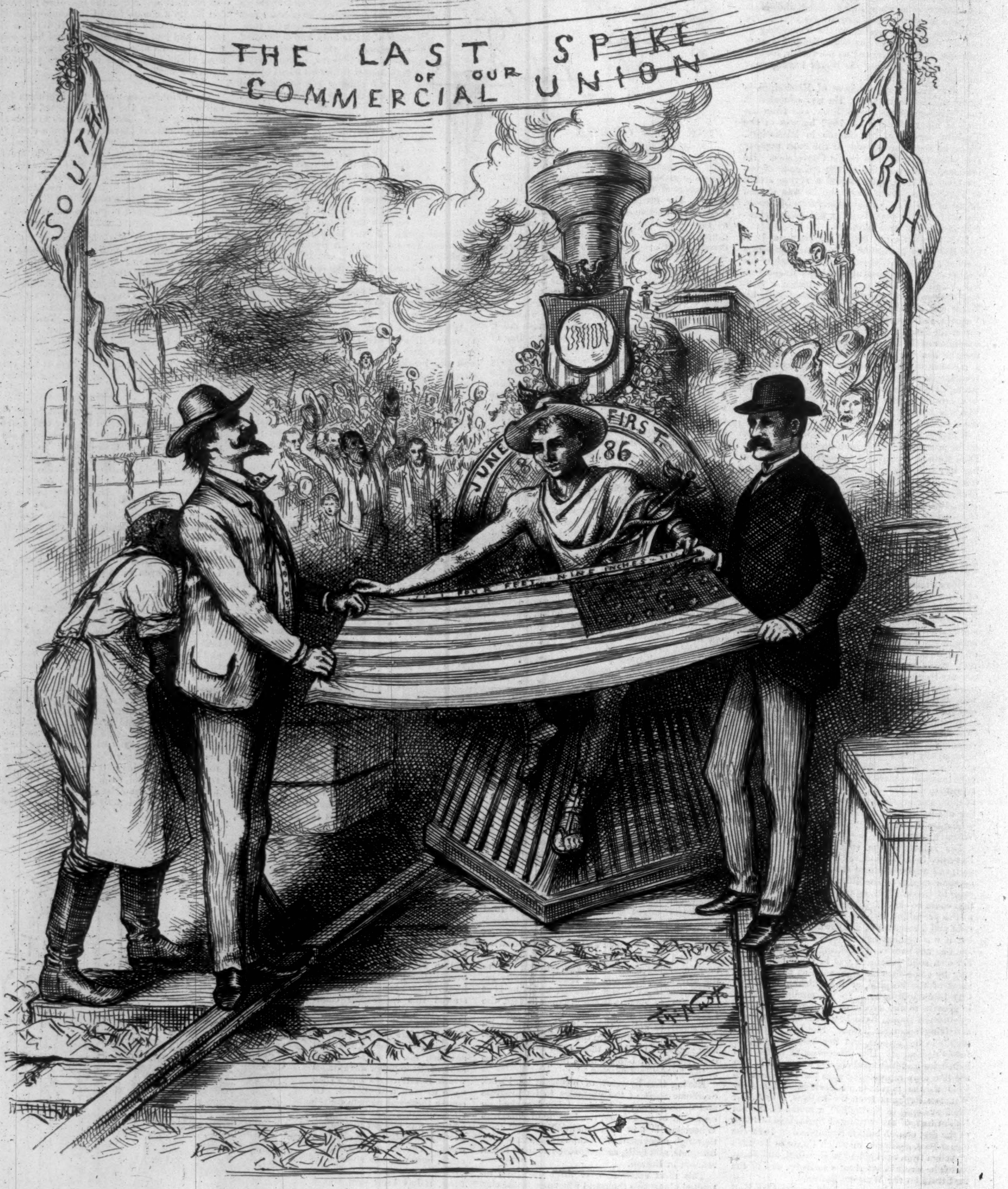
The *Princetonian* warns the Freshmen base-ball nine against the custom, started by '88, of not buying suits. Experience goes to show that a club in uniform plays better than a club in its every-day clothes, other things being equal. It is reasonable to think that smart suits breed a measure of enthusiasm, and that a shapely player will go through his paces better in becoming knickerbockers than in trousers reaching to the heel. Many a man has first felt like dancing upon finding himself in pumps and silk hose.

A new press in Norfolk squeezes cotton so tight, it is said, that nearly fifty per cent. more of cotton than is usual can be got into a given space; and still another press is building in that city that promises to squeeze the material even tighter. Doctors disagree, the Atlanta *Constitution* says, as to the effect of an extreme degree of squeezing upon the cotton fibre. Tests made at the Atlanta Exposition showed that cotton free of sand or leaves could not be hurt by pressure, and it was declared that the hardest kind of pressure even improved the fibre if the cotton was free of foreign matter. But sand would certainly cut the fibre.

A newspaper paragraph says that "some parts of Georgia are so infested by deer and wild turkeys that the people have to drive them out of their fields to protect their crops." To sportsmen in thickly settled communities—Massachusetts, for instance—this statement of the condition of game in Georgia must afford a splendid vision. Massachusetts is the land where people came to speak of going "hunting" instead of going "shooting," because the sport there really was hunting, with little finding, and consequently little shooting, to reward it. The old commonwealth has become measurably restocked under the game-laws of recent years, but the term "hunting" still holds good, even when you are only going after meadow-larks.

The gold and silver plate belonging to one English nobleman is said to weigh eight tons. For the information of the inquisitive it may be stated that all of it is never put upon the table at once, and that it is a source of regular income to the London safe-deposit companies. The entire household goods and farm implements of a citizen of Clay County, Georgia, who changed his residence recently, weighed only one thousand pounds—one-sixteenth as much as the English nobleman's gold and silver plate. Having only a two-horse wagon and a single steer as a means of conveyance, and not wishing to make the journey twice, the Georgian hitched himself alongside the steer and did his part in pulling the load over seventeen miles of road. Probably the English nobleman would not be able to perform a task like that; it is tolerably certain that he has no pressing need to.

THE HARDEST BLOW YET TO THE ANARCHISTS.
Deprived of a privilege of which they were never known to avail themselves.



OUR STANDARD (GAUGE) ADOPTED ALL OVER THE UNION.

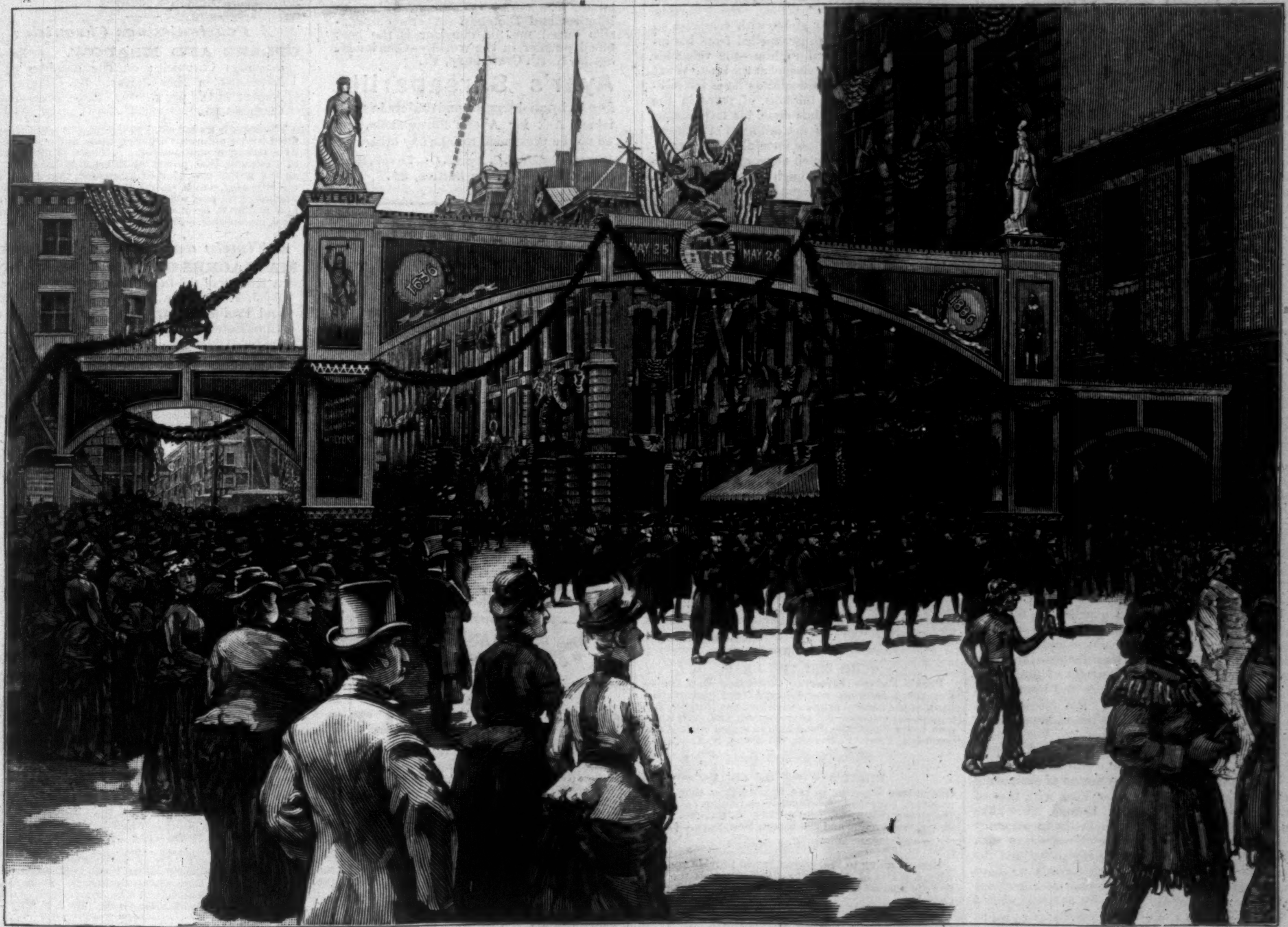
THE STANDARD GAUGE.

THE reduction from broad to standard gauge on the lines of the railways of the South was very generally completed on the 1st of June. Just why the railroads in the South were constructed upon an unusual gauge in the first place nobody seems to know, although it has frequently been declared that the idea in many instances was to delay travel from standard gauge roads at the initial points of the Southern roads, and so to help along the hotels. Whatever the motive that led to the adoption of a different gauge in the South from that of the railroads North and West, the difference has for a long time been recognized as causing great embarrassment in the handling of freight between the North and the South, it having been necessary to establish "car-hoists" at the several points of connection of standard and broad gauge roads, at these places substituting broad gauge for standard gauge trucks underneath the cars.

With the exception of the Illinois Central road, which runs from Chicago to New Orleans, the Atlantic Coast Line, and the Mobile and Ohio road (which adopted the standard gauge last fall), all the leading railroads of the South were, prior to the 26th of May last, of five feet gauge. The question of reducing them to conformity with the standard gauge had been agitated for several years, but nothing in this direction was accomplished until about two months ago, when a convention of railroad officials was held at Atlanta, and the matter was taken up in earnest. There were present at that convention rspresentatives of the Louisville and Nashville road, the Richmond and Danville system, the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia, the Central of Georgia, the Alabama Great Southern, the Georgia Railroad, and several other minor lines.

It was decided by that convention to adopt the gauge of the Pennsylvania road, which is four feet nine inches, because it was urged that the Southern traffic was greater from the Pennsylvania than from any other Northern line. It is a fact that may not be generally known that the gauge of the Pennsylvania Railroad is half an inch wider than what is termed "standard gauge," all the other roads of the North and West being of a gauge of four feet eight and a half inches. This variance of half an inch makes no difference, however, in the movement of the rolling stock of other roads over the Pennsylvania line. The 26th of May was fixed by the convention as the date upon which the change of gauge should begin to be made on the Southern lines, and it was agreed by the representatives of the several roads that the work should be completed on the 1st day of June. Within the last four days of the month just past over nine thousand miles of track in the Southern States was shifted from the broad to the standard gauge, thousands of workmen having been employed in making the change. But, after all, the feat was a less difficult one than would commonly be imagined. The track-men who made the change moved forward in two divisions. In the first place, spikes were driven into the ties just three inches from the inside of the rail which was to be shifted. This formed the gauge line, and was done in advance of any movement of the rail. As many spikes as could safely be pulled from the rail were also taken out before the shifting began. Then, when everything was in readiness, the forward brigade moved along quickly, pulling the remaining spikes, and the brigade which followed pushed the track inward to the line of half-driven spikes, and securely bolted it down. The track was unbroken, and was moved in to the new gauge in sections of several hundred feet at a time.

THE CHILDREN'S OPEN-AIR CONCERT.



THE HISTORICAL PROCESSION.

CELEBRATING THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 363.]

A WATER-NYMPH.

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

I sing a water-nymph; not one who sports in lake or river,
With sea-green glance and siren tones, and form of airy lightness.
My nymph dwells on the earth, and sun and fringed gentian give her
Gold for her hair, blue for her eyes, and much of grace and brightness.

Her laugh is music, and her voice the sweetest voice that ever
Sang simple songs with many a quaint and bird-like quaver laden;
And her free step, when to and from the well she trips, was never
Excelled, not even in the dance, by any other maiden.

And as—'tis almost every day that's sunny—she is splashing
Among the mimic waves, the foam reflects her smiling glances,
And into shining bubbles breaks, with fairy rainbows flashing,
And to her slender fingers clings, or round them swirls and dances.

Her arms would make a sculptor wild when, holding them above her,
She hangs upon the lines the clothes just wrung from clearest water;
And I, who ne'er loved city maid, confess with pride I love her,
My pretty earth-born water-nymph, my washer-woman's daughter.

THE CHANCES OF LIFE AND DEATH.

The recent Registrar's report in England, and those of our own cities, enable us to calculate the chances of life and death. We can watch from afar the fate of generations. As in Addison's vision, we see the tiny barks set sail from the safe haven of infancy, and glide swiftly onward along life's stream. Many sink almost at once; some disappear farther on; the ranks thin as the flotilla moves along; and the dim ocean at last receives them all. Dr. Farr ten years ago traced out the fate of a million of infants who began their careers together; since then the learned statistician has himself joined the innumerable company whose destiny he had foretold. But his death has not prevented the progress of the science, and the careful record preserved in England of marriages, deaths, and births is worthy of study and imitation. Nowhere is so accurate a register exhibited of life and death.

Of the million of infants setting out on the voyage of life, Dr. Farr found (1875) that a fourth part would die before they were five years old; a seventh, between five and ten years; a lower proportion between ten and fifteen. From fifteen to twenty there was an increase in the death rate; at from forty-five to fifty-five the million who began life together is reduced to one-half; only 421,115 attained the midway path—*nel mezzo del cammino*—of possible existence. At the age of fifty-three the number of men and women who survived was equal; from above this age woman's life was apparently the more secure. From sixty-five to seventy-five the decrease was rapid, yet of the million of infants, 161,124 reached the age of seventy-five. At eighty-five, only 38,565 were left; and only 220 completed their cycle of a hundred years.

It was Dr. Farr's consolatory conclusion that the improvements of science had lengthened life. More persons now reach the middle age at least than in the past; and the recent Registrar's report has served to confirm his calculations. The male death rate has fallen 4.24 per cent. in England in the last ten years, and the female 6.02. Life is more secure and comfortable than it was. The chance of living has been enlarged, and to women more than men has come the scientific amelioration of their lot. Dr. Ogle, who has succeeded Dr. Farr, gives in his report (1885) many interesting facts. He shows that "the mean lifetime of males is by the new life tables 41.35 years"; in the old it was only 39.91. But one-half of the million of males live until their forty-seventh year, and one-half the females until their fifty-second year. After sixty-five it is found that the death rate has increased. Men and women after that age are not so likely to survive in England as in the past decade. But this possibly comes from the greater number of imperfect lives that have been preserved.

There has evidently been a remarkable prolongation of life, and this has come, we are told, from the use of sanitary measures and the spread of useful knowledge. Men are learning to take better care of their families and themselves. Science has lent all its aid. Fevers have become less fatal; disease seems to be under control. Of the various occupations, the clergyman's is the healthiest; he usually lives to an advanced age; the school-master is less fortunate. The laborer on the farm is long-lived; the miner in Cornwall dies young. The crowded quarters of the city are not always the most unhealthy; but confined air and impure water, uncleanliness and vice, often fill them with diseases. Manufactures are dangerous; employers are not careful of the health of their workmen. Innkeepers and brewers do not live long, nor butchers. But diseases can usually be traced to self-indulgence, imprudence, and want of sanitary intelligence. We are assured that education has already helped to prolong life.

Unfortunately we have no means of comparing the sanitary condition of New York with that of the cities of England and of Europe. We have no reports that can vie with theirs in accuracy and completeness. Births and marriages with us have never been carefully registered, and the various details of the foreign records we have not yet preserved. It is a branch of knowledge the most useful of all. The care of health should be the supreme aim of governments and people. The preservation of life is far more important than the costly follies in which so much of our public money is expended. Here in the New World science should be encouraged to devote its highest powers to this great end, and the example of Europe and America shows how much it can do to soften and adorn the path of life.

In history there is a plain advance in health. Seventy years was the limit of ancient life. But only to selected lives. War, pestilence, and famine swept off the laborer and the poor. The Greek thinkers and authors often lived to extreme old age, and were weary of it. But the slaves, the captives, and the beggars died, and were thrown into pits. At Rome we have a succession of fatal plagues. Autumn covered the Eternal City with funereal sorrow. It was only the philosophers and the stoics who escaped the vices and luxury of the age. In the cities of the Middle Ages all was pestilential and full of ignorance; their narrow, unpaved streets nourished plague. As late as the close of the seventeenth century one may find in Evelyn's or Pepys's diary proofs of a fatal sanitary ignorance. London reeked with pestilence and fever. In Paris, life hung by the filmiest thread. It is only in the present century that knowledge has advanced and men have discovered of how much use they can be to each other, and how much evil. History has taught its highest lesson, that nations, communities, and individuals are one. They carry in their hands the welfare of the whole race, the destinies of life and death. It is in its humane and sanitary measures, possibly, that the future will be most active.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

WHENCE CAME THE COMETS?

In a recent article under the above title Mr. Richard A. Proctor attributes the existence of comets to the expulsion of volcanic matter from the earth and other planets. After adducing arguments in confirmation of this theory, he says:

The stars, like the giant planets, should have their part to play in the world of comet expulsion. Of course an orb like our sun, the one star we are able to examine, will require much greater energy to expel from his interior a flight of bodies than would a planet even of the giant type. Our sun, for example, would have to impart a velocity of 382 miles per second to a body ejected from his interior that that body should pass away from his control forever. But the sun possesses the required power. His mass, and therefore his might, exceeds that of the earth more than 320,000 times, that even of Jupiter 1048 times.

We have no means of recognizing by its orbital motion a star-expelled comet or meteor flight. But we need not seek for bodies to tell us of expulsion ages on ages ago. The stars are *now* in their sun-like state. They must therefore be doing such work *now*, if there is any truth in the theory to which we have been led. Now there is one of the stars which is near enough to be asked whether it really possesses and uses such expulsive power—our own sun. His answer is unmistakable. In 1872, and at sundry times since, he has been caught in the act of ejecting bodies, probably liquid or solid, through the hydrogen atmosphere around his globe, with velocities so great that the matter thus expelled from his interior can never return to him—the velocities ranging to 450 miles per second at the least. What he is doing now he has doubtless done for millions, nay, for tens of millions, of years in the past. What he has thus done, his fellow-suns, the stars, thousands (if not millions) of millions in number, have doubtless done also. Uncounted billions, then, of ejected meteor flights or comets must be travelling through interstellar spaces, visiting system after system, flitting from sun to sun, in periods to be measured by millions of years.

The answer, then, to the question, Whence came the comets? would appear to be:

1. Comets which visit our system from without were expelled millions of years ago from the interior of suns.

2. Comets which belong to our system were mostly expelled from the interior of a giant planet in the sun-like state, but a small proportion may have been captured from without.

3. The comets of whose past existence meteor streams tell us were for the most part expelled from our earth herself when she was in the sun-like state, but some of the more important were expelled from the giant planets, and a few may have been expelled from suns.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla has prevented the usual course of Boils, which have pained and distressed me every season for several years.—Geo. Scales, Plainville, Mich.

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A Perfect Cure,
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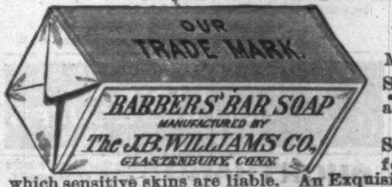

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